

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Over 600,000 Copies Sold Every Week

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

June 30, 1945

PRICE

3d



Fischer



"LISTEN," I say, "there's a thing here about whether we're happily married or not."

Here's one way of...



WRECKING the HAPPY HOME

By
JEANNE MULLINS

IT is perfectly obvious to me that from time to time savage little men sit themselves down with the express purpose of breaking up as many happy couples as possible. Their intention is definitely to wreck homes.

With this end in view they compile seemingly innocent and merry-making little questionnaires that are actually designed to make the aforesaid couples highly critical of each other.

"Has he or she any little manner-

isms that irritate you?" sneers the Savage Little Man beneath a cloak of what could be mistaken for light banter.

Now picture our happy couple, lounging round in the breakfast nook, reading the week-end papers. Perfect marital bliss!

But, ah, what is this? She has started tapping on the table edge, her brow bent over the Punny Page, as it is ministerly termed.

He, all unknown, says he hasn't read that bit yet, and takes it from her.

Suddenly it is apparent they are each peering furtively at the other. "That habit she has of drumming on the table is getting on my nerves," he realises, trying hard not to show it.

"If he doesn't stop gnawing his moustache like a starving mouse, I shall scream," she decides.

By the time they have chewed over half of the quiz the poison is really working. She is certain the marriage fabric is cracking and gets out and home to mother before the ship sinks under her.

Of course, human nature being what it is, this subtle sabotage is not always successful, and the machinations of these wretched creatures are in vain.

In our own case we are apt to use these time-bombs only so far as it amuses us.

"Listen," I say. "There's a thing here about whether we're happily married or not."

"Eh, what? Have you started subversive divorce proceedings, or something?"

"Don't be silly. I mean a quiz thing. Let's do it."

"Why? We know we're happily married, don't we?"

"Do we? Personally, I shall always have gnawing doubts if we can't get over 60."

"All right, then. Shoot."

"Well, it's half for me, you see, and half for you."

"O.K. We'll do you first."

"Hm. All right. Well, No. 1 is, 'Does it upset you if he unexpectedly brings home friends to dinner?' No. Five marks for me."

"Yes."

"What do you mean, 'Yes'? You know I cope beautifully."

Little digs

"Oh, you cope all right. But you can't resist little digs later, can you, pet? Couldn't you possibly have rung? Must you always bring them home? You might have brought a few tomatoes!"

"Oh, you are awful. I do not."

"You do so. You can't have full marks for that."

"Oh, all right. Say, three-quarters. What's three-quarters of five?"

"I give in. What's the next?"

"Do you want to go out at night when he is obviously tired?" No.

"What do you mean, 'No'? How often have you said, with frightful brightness, 'You'll feel tons better after a shower. You'll enjoy it all right when you get there!'"

"Are you going to spend the entire morning quoting me? You are horrid. Let's rush on to the next. Do you mind him reading the paper at breakfast? Well! I do think that's unfair. We'll just skip that. Ym-er-uh—"

"Out with it!"

"Do you prepare his breakfast in dressing-gown and slippers? Oh, dear! I do, don't I?"

"Yes, you do, poppet. But I like you that way."

"Oh, you're really rather nice. But I can't take the marks, can I? Do you expect him to do jobs the minute he gets home? Of course not!"

"What a dreadful story. You know you hurt the washing-up at me the moment I darken the door."

"I don't! I always give you time to change."

"Into an apron. Pray continue."

"Do you go through his pockets? Now, you must admit I don't do that!"

"No, darling. You don't do that."

"I don't care for your tone. Let's do some of yours. Do you notice her new clothes? Ah, now—"

"Of course I do! I'm always saying, 'That's a new hat, isn't it?'"

"Yes, you do, in a curiously tentative voice. And wasn't there an unfortunate occasion when it turned out to be five years old?"

"Can I help it if you have a genius for remodelling?"

"Oh, darling. It was only on back to front."

"Hm. Well, half-marks for that, eh? What's next on the list?"

"Are you jealous of her dancing with other men?"

"Certainly not."

"Ooooo—you are!"

"I am not!"

"But, darling. I like you being jealous!"

"Save the mark! Another, please."

"Do you show interest in her friends and relations?"

"I should hope not."

"We-ell, I don't really mind that. Still, you can't score for that, because evidently I should mind."

"Who says?"

"The bloke who made up the quiz."

"I bet he's not happily married."

"No. I'm sure he's a bachelor rampant."

"Well, give us another."

"Do you fold your pyjamas and

"OH, DEAR! I do prepare his breakfast in dressing-gown and slippers... Lose five marks."

put clothes neatly away? Oo, darling, you couldn't possibly say 'Yes' to that!"

"I'm just as tidy as you are. All you do is put them somewhere and shut a door on them. You don't fold them, do you?"

"This is not my quiz, my sweet!"

"I'm sick of it anyway. Tot up the marks and see how our marriage is going."

"On the rocks, I'm afraid. Positively teetering on the brink. Oh, look though! This is really for newlyweds. It says if you get over twenty you'll probably last three years. How long have we been married?"

"Three years, isn't it?"

"Oh, joy! Come on, you can do the washing up."



YOU DON'T HAVE TO WEAR GLASSES

If you suffer from

ASTIGMATISM, SHORT SIGHT, LONG SIGHT, SQUINT, UNABLE TO STAND SUNSHINE, EYE HEADACHES, WATERY or WEAK EYES, TIRED EYES, or any other eye weakness (except diseased eyes), clip this advertisement and pin it to a sheet of paper upon which you have written your name and address and the eye trouble from which you are suffering, post to me together with a 2d. stamped, addressed envelope, and I will tell you by return how KENT-REIDY (new improved) Method of EYE EXERCISES can bring your eyes back to normal sight in a comparatively short time, without wearing glasses. Address to Secretary, KENT-REIDY (new improved) METHOD of EYE EXERCISES, Woodstock Chambers, 88 Pitt Street, SYDNEY, N.S.W.—K.R.8

ENSIGN

TIES

THE

BEST

LINESMAN HAS GOOD IDEA!



How's this for a bitterly cold job? You'd think Old Man Flu would be sitting up there just waiting for you to come up—wouldn't you? But listen to linesman Frank Murphy of Collingwood: "Yes, the wind howls around your pants up here. And you need something like Bonox to keep Old Man Flu away." You're right Frank! Bonox keeps you warm inside. Gives you a lift when you need it most. There's nothing like a cup of hot Bonox to make you warm when you're cold, and give you new strength when you need it most. Bonox goes straight to the bloodstream—keeps out colds and tiredness. Keeps your head above the "Bu line." Take a tip from Fred the linesman, and drink Bonox right through the winter.

K.B.18



SING TAKES A HAND

When the door opened I could see a little girl, with a boy beside her.

"IT'S too bad," I murmured aloud.

"What bad, Miss June?" Sing asked.

"About Roberta," I said.

"There's not another child her age within five miles of here. It's time she had some playmates her own age."

"Sing play Roberta all time," Sing pointed out, and looked surprisingly hurt about it.

"You don't understand, Sing," I said.

"Children," I explained, "need playmates their own age to develop properly. All the child psychologists recommend it."

Not by a flicker of puzzlement did Sing suggest he wouldn't know a child psychologist from a doorknob.

"Talk too much, them fella. What they know?"

I was about to retort that they might know as much as he about it, but I stopped it to head off an argument.

"Well, there's no sense in just wishing for it," I said.

"Why you no 'dopt playmates, Miss June?"

"Oh, sure!" I scoffed. "In the first place, you've got to have some financial security and a home of your own."

"Got nice home here," Sing pointed out. "No rent. Lots security."

That, I thought, would make quite an impression on a child-agency investigator. I could just imagine myself pointing out to her that, while I was in modest circumstances myself, I had an old Chinese retainer who was so invaluable to Mr. Mainworth that in order that Mr. Mainworth could employ Sing—I and my daughter were supplied with one of the guest cottages on the Mainworth estate.

"Besides," I said, "I understand there aren't enough children to go round."

"Lots of children in town," Sing argued. "Lots. Big shortage house."

By...

JOSEPH HARRINGTON

Mebbe somebody lend children for playmate. How many you want, Miss June?"

"For heaven's sake, Sing! People don't lend their children. Don't you know any better than that?"

"How Miss June know? Miss June ask?"

"No. It's too silly. And don't"—I was struck with a sharp suspicion—"don't you go asking anybody for a loan of their children. They'll only think you're crazy."

Sing poured my coffee. "No harm ask," he said. "How many playmate you want, Miss June?"

"Stop, Sing," I said. "You think people would lend you their children so long as you wanted them and then would take them back?"

"If no take back children, very bad parent," Sing said. "You no take back Roberta, Miss June?" He asked the question with a disillusioned look.

"Of course I would! But, in the first place, I wouldn't—"

"See?" said Sing, triumphantly. "Parents always glad to see children back."

"How," I groaned, "did I get into this, anyway?"

"You say want children for Roberta playmate," Sing reminded.

"Well, let's hear no more of it. I was mistaken: I was wrong. I don't—I positively don't want any playmates for Roberta. Understand?"

Sing went away, looking worried, leaving me the same way. I had a vision of Sing rounding up children by some means, and bringing them to Mainworth Hill. That would certainly make for complications with Mr. Horace Mainworth, who lived in the great Colonial mansion where Sing worked when he wasn't busy at

the little English cottage on the beach, which was also Mr. Mainworth's, and where Roberta and I lived. The Mainworths were kind to me and also eager to please Sing, but there probably were limits to what they'd put up with to have a good houseman and chauffeur these days.

Three days later, as I was pouring my second breakfast cup of coffee, the station-waggon crunched up the driveway, returning from bringing Mr. Mainworth to the station. I glanced at it, thought I saw more than Sing behind the windshield, looked again, and verified it.

It stopped. Sing got out, hustled round and opened the door so I could see a little girl, of three or four, very scared and scrubbed-looking, clutching a doll. Beside her was a boy, perhaps a year older, looking, if possible, more scared.

Sing lifted them out and led them toward the terrace. They came reluctantly, and, halfway there, the little girl suddenly burst into wild weeping. "Mamma! Want Mamma!" she bawled, and tried to break away from Sing. He held her fast. The little boy looked as though he wanted to make a break, but didn't quite have the nerve.

I set down the coffee-pot with a shaky hand. I said, "Sing! Where did you get those children?"

"Playmate for Roberta," Sing explained, looking blandly proud of his doing.

"Come here, child. Let her go, Sing." I held out my arms for the little girl, but she backed away, clutching her doll.

Quite suddenly she stopped the wild bawling. She gaped at something. I followed her gaze and saw

Roberta, who had tottered uncertainly on her fat little legs to the door.

"Baby," she said ecstatically. The tears stopped, except for the two or three that were running down beside her nose. She dropped her doll and advanced toward Roberta. "Live baby," she said with enthusiasm.

Roberta gaped back at her with reciprocating ecstasy: "Doll!" she gurgled. "Talk doll."

They fell upon each other with mutual esteem and admiration.

The boy saw Blue Prince and looked a little less scared. He trotted over to Blue, who switched his tail and looked a trifle less disdainful than usual.

It was all very touching, and I might have been touched myself except that I was so worried.

"Where," I demanded, "did you get these children, Sing?"

"Town," said Sing, with his customary preciseness. "Sing get Miss June more coffee?"

"Never mind the coffee! Where did you get those children?"

"Town—Paignton."

"From whom?"

"Lady."

"What lady?"

Sing shrugged. "Jus' lady."

"The children's mother?"

"How Sing know?"

"What's their names?"

Sing shrugged.

"When are you to bring them back?"

Sing said, "Later. Before Gen'ral come home," blandly.

I gave up. I went over to the little girl. "What's your name, dear?" I asked.

She stopped talking to Roberta. For a moment. "Glory," she said. And resumed her chat with Roberta.

"Glory what?" I interrupted.

"Glory," she insisted, and looked annoyed.

I tried the boy. "What's your name, little man?"

"I'm not liddle," he said truculently. "I'm big for my age. Mom says so."

"Does she, indeed? And what's Mom's name?"

"Mom," he said. Pointing to Blue Prince and changing the subject, "What's his name?" he asked.

"Blue Prince," I said. Quick as a flash I said, "See, he's got two names. So have you, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"What are they?"

"Big Boy."

"How did Sing—you know, the man who brought you here—get you?"

"He put me in station-waggon—me an' Glory."

"Put you?" I said. I was scared to death. "Did he pick you up and put you in the station-waggon?"

Big Boy considered and nodded. "Yes. Me an' Glory."

"Didn't your mom do anything?"

Big Boy nodded. "She cried an' cried."

I said, "Oh, dear!" and sat down.

Big Boy suddenly decided I was the lesser of two evils. He crawled up into my lap and burst out crying. I held him and patted him and said, "There, there!" soothingly.

At that moment Sing came out on the terrace with a tray. "You come get ice-cream now," he announced to the children. "You come have party." He looked placidly at them all.

Big Boy, in my arms, wept harder for a moment; then, wiping his eyes, got off my lap and advanced to the table where ice-cream was being served, at the ridiculous hour of ten o'clock in the morning. Glory climbed on a chair, looked perfectly at home, and said to Roberta, "Ice-cream." Sing lifted Roberta into her high chair.

Please turn to page 4

Page 3

"SING" I called, when he had finished. "Sing, I want to talk to you."

When he came, bland and placid as could be, "Sing," I said, "did you take those two children from some poor mother?"

"Not poor," Sing said, stoutly. "Nice lady. Not poor."

"That isn't what I meant. Didn't she weep when you took them?"

"Sure," said Sing. "Ladies always cry when take children away. All time," he explained.

I said, "Sing, don't you realise you may get into a lot of trouble over this?"

"No," said Sing, cheerfully. "Don't you realise they might call this kidnapping?"

He blinked twice. "Roberta need playmate to 'velop proper," he explained blandly. "I get playmate for her. What wrong that, Miss June?"

"Is that a confession, Sing?"

"Sure, okay, mebbe," said Sing.

"I'm going right in to call the police."

"Why call police, Miss June? Sing not like police."

"Nevertheless—" I started to say.

"All time scold Sing about red light," Sing said, aggrievedly. "Red light, green light, what difference it make if no car bump. Red light they yell at me all time, say give me ticket, except I don't know better. Police too particular."

I said, "This is preposterous, Sing." I got up and marched inside.



"It's the first time he's been out since the baby was born."

Sing Takes a Hand

Continued from page 3

picked up the telephone, tremblingly, trying to find words to explain that my man, Sing, had just "borrowed" two children, but he didn't mean anything wrong by it—dear me, no. He just wanted a couple of playmates for Roberta, my daughter, and thought that was the way to get them.

When the operator said, "Number, please," I said, "Let me have Paignton police headquarters," and tried to pull myself together.

After a moment, "Headquarters," said a voice. "Sergeant Stakes."

"Sergeant Stakes," I said, trying to be firm, "this is Mrs. Lockhill at Mainworth Hill. Have you a report on two—er—missing children?"

"Two?" said Sergeant Stakes. "We got a dozen right now. In ones, twos and threes—whenever children wander away, all the mothers think they've been kidnapped. Found a couple, lady?"

"Yes, Two."

He got my name and address and said, "Okay, lady."

I said, "You'll send somebody right out for the children?"

He said, "Lady, what's a matter? Afraid they'll eat your red points or something? Haven't you the human decency to look after a couple of lost children for a couple of hours? Haven't you? Wanna turn the poor kids out in the woods or something? Wanna do that? Haven't you?"

I went outside and watched the children playing in the sun. Sing went round placidly, pausing occasionally to beam at his creation of ideal domesticity—children, yelling, getting hurt, weeping briefly because of it, then yelling again.

Later Sing served out dinner—something a bit special, with chocolate cake at the end. It gave me a bit of a pang to see the way Glory and Big Boy pitched in. They were doing children for you—a few hours before they were inconsolable for want of their mother, and now they guzzled food heartily; a few hours before they hated Sing, and now they adored him. And Roberta, of course, paid no attention to me.

At the end of dinner Sing prepared to leave to serve dinner at the main house.

"Where Miss June want Glory and Big Boy sleep?" he inquired.

"What," I said bitterly, "have I got to say about it?"

"Sing fix. Put Glory with Roberta, Big Boy in spare room."

"I expect the police will be here before bedtime," I assured him. "They might have other plans."

"You chase p'lice 'way," Sing directed. "Tell 'em go home."

He went outside and came back a minute later lugging a worn little suitcase.

"What's that?" I demanded.

"Glory things, Big Boy things—clothes."

"Where in heaven's name did you get them?"

"From lady. Sing nearly forget—lady send letter, too."

He handed me a long white envelope and I ripped it open in haste.

"Dear Mrs. Lockhill:

"When I heard that you and Mr. Mainworth were going to open a boarding-home for children it seemed inconceivable to me that I could afford to place my two children there. But—"

I looked up at the ceiling, shook my head to clear away the fog, and murmured, "Merciful heavens!"

"But when your man explained that to wives of servicemen the rate was very special, and was undertaken by Mr. Mainworth and yourself largely to relieve the housing shortage, I fell as though some Providence had sent him that day to the Paignton Day Nursery, where I chanced to meet him."

"You see, I had visited boarding-home after boarding-home, and while some of them were nice, they weren't quite up to what I'd like for Big Boy and Glory. Mr. Sing drove me out to inspect the place last Monday—"

I CHECKED mentally—that was the day I'd gone to the city.

"Last Monday, and it surely seemed a beautiful place for the children. Of course, I know of Mr. Mainworth and his various good works, and I know he would operate none but the best. And everybody speaks so well of Mr. Sing."

"I believe I can easily afford the 10 dollars a week for their board, and will forward same every Monday."

"As Mr. Sing has no doubt explained to you, my husband is a prisoner of war in Germany. Things hadn't been any too easy for us, what with high prices and rooms almost impossible to find. And when I received the offer of this job upstairs, it seemed a perfect solution—except there is definitely no family housing available there and the job was contingent on my coming alone."

"No doubt Mr. Sing has explained all this to you, but I write this briefly as, personally, I sometimes have trouble understanding his talk. At any rate, I'm sure Glory and Big Boy are in fine hands in yours and Mr. Mainworth's, and I expect I will be able to run down every few weeks to see them."

"Thank you and Mr. Mainworth so much."

"(Mrs.) LILLIAN GORLANE."

"P.S. Several mothers with small

CHILDREN'S AND INFANTS' CLOTHES that will last two seasons



babies' clothes, woollens and all knitted goods.

Mail Orders accepted.

THE TEENY WEENIES Garment Shop

Room 411, Fourth Floor, 321 Pitt Street, SYDNEY. Phone MA 474.



"Now, Freddie, suppose you just slip into this little old straitjacket."

children I know are very much interested in your place. So many women have to work, these days, and some have no relatives to take care of their little ones. I feel sure you will have no trouble getting filled-up."

"L. G."

When Sing came back from serving dinner at the main house, I was still staring at the letter and seeing visions of borders of children descending on Mainworth Hill. The children had fallen asleep.

"Sing," I said, "does Mr. Mainworth know about this boarding-home business?"

"Board home?" Sing looked puzzled. "What that, Miss June?"

"That's right! Look innocent! I suppose you don't have the faintest idea how Mrs. Gorlane came to entrust you with her children."

"House shortage," said Sing, blandly. "Sing can get Roberta all children you want. You want more, Miss June? Already lots ladies in

town ask Sing if want to take care of more children."

"For heaven's sake, no!"

"Okay, okay," said Sing mildly. "Sing already tell ladies full up on children."

"Two will do very well. I'm delighted to have these two. But no more!"

"Okay. You see how wrong Miss June is?"

"What's that?"

"You say nobody lend children. But lots people lend playmate to Roberta."

"After," I said, severely, "you invented some cock-and-bull story about a children's boarding-home."

"Sing do that?" Sing said, looking blandly shocked.

"The lady says so, right here." I tapped the letter.

"Sing," said Sing gently, "he try explain. But lady not savvy English good, Sing guess."

(Copyright)

How to Brush your Teeth

AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION PRESENTS THESE FACTS ON BRUSHING OF TEETH

1. Grasping handle firmly, place brush head on the chewing surfaces of the back teeth. Then hit down on the teeth six or seven times with a punching action.
2. Brush outside of the teeth and the gums gently, straight up and down, about six strokes each section, all around the mouth.
3. Inner surfaces of the teeth should be cleaned with a "push pull action".

Teeth cleaned regularly, preferably after meals, with a Nylex Nylon tuft toothbrush will well repay you. Nylex toothbrushes are anti-soggy and waterproof, and scientifically designed to clean teeth thoroughly. Always ask for NYLEX!



NYLEX
NYLON TUFT 1/7
TOOTHBRUSH

A product of The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.

WITH its generous supply of vital minerals and proteins, Saunders' Malt Extract is the ideal supplementary diet for growing children. Grow-ups, too, derive definite benefit from its concentrated goodness.

If your chemist or store cannot always supply, remember Red Cross knows its value, too, for convalescing soldiers.

SAUNDERS' MALT EXTRACT

Builds Strength . . . Aids Digestion

THE GREY FUNNEL LINE

By JOHN RHODES STURDY

HIS MAJESTY'S cruiser Midland had been marked off by her American refit yard as complete and ready for sea. Looking at her now it was not easy to picture the cruiser as she had first appeared in the river nine months before; a 100ft. gash where a torpedo had found its mark and exploded magazines had nearly finished her.

At the wardroom party, where Englishmen and Americans gathered to celebrate completion of the job, the yard manager raised his glass and said: "I hope that you will remember us in Norfolk for two things. One that we taught you to like Americans. And two that we helped to make your ship a fighting ship again."

The Midland's skipper, Captain Derek Walker, wanted to agree with the yard manager. He wanted to say that Midland was a fighting ship, that he was taking her out to rejoin the fleet, and henceforth she was his to command to do battle. But he couldn't.

Admiralty said that the cruiser was not to be considered a fighting unit. She was to be sailed by Captain Walker, temporarily in command, from Norfolk, Va., to a British port, where she was to be paid off, and later recommissioned with a new complement of officers and men.

"If I had a month," he kept thinking. "If I had a month to work this crew into something." But there was no month. And the crew didn't care much about Midland or her glory, or her name that went back in a long line to Trafalgar. Most of them were passengers, including a number of Canadians, going to new ships on the other side, and there was no real interest in a vessel that was, plainly speaking, just a means of transportation.

Two days later he received the signal that made him realise even more keenly his ship's status.

"George Anderson Clarke and William Reynolds will embark as passengers in H.M.S. Midland for the United Kingdom."

Captain Walker had never heard of Clarke and Reynolds, but he knew from the wording of the signal that they were civilians. And he overheard Chief Gunner's Mate Smith express it, for the buzz soon got round the ship: "Civilian passengers! This ain't no ruddy Navy. This is the blinkin' Grey Funnel Line, that's what it is."

Captain Walker winced. A knock on the door heralded the officer of the watch.

"The boat with the passengers is approaching, sir."

Captain Walker nodded. "Thank you," he said. He rose and took up his cap. Now he would greet his civilian guests as courtesy and the Service decreed. Going on deck he cast his eye over the ship as she lay at anchor, and he wished suddenly and fiercely that he could own her—her nice lines, her stout hull, her guns.

On the quarter-deck, by the accommodation ladder, he found the commander, the duty lieutenant-commander, and the officer of the watch. He looked up at the sky, wondering about the weather. Then he heard footsteps on the ladder, and he put his fingers to the peak of his cap as the officers round him saluted.

Two small voices said, "Hello."

He looked down. Standing minutely on the scrubbed deck, their hands clutching battered suitcases, and their eyes wide and smiling, were two little boys. They were dwarfed by the officers round them, two fair-headed infants treading the sacred planks of the British Navy.

"Are you," asked the captain, "the passengers?"

The one with the blue eyes said, "Yes, sir, I'm George Clarke. And this is Billy Reynolds. I guess you're the captain. How-do-you-do?"

The captain found himself shaking hands. His eyelashes barely flickered. He did not let his glance waver for a second as on the quarter-deck

of His Majesty's cruiser Midland he formally greeted George Clarke, eight, and Billy Reynolds, seven.

"Come along to my cabin," he said. And as he moved away, a boy on either side of him, he heard a man mutter hoarsely: "Blimey!"

The marine sentry in the captain's lobby turned white in the face. And Captain Walker hurriedly ushered the boys into his cabin, shutting the door behind them. They took possession immediately, while he read a letter George gave him; a letter with a Washington date line that explained the boys were travelling to the U.K. by arrangement with Admiralty—evacuee children sent out to America in 1940 and now going home.

He looked thoughtfully at the boys. He was remembering England in 1940—and then his thoughts were broken by a flood of questions shot at him:

"Do you think we'll sink a sub? ... This is a light cruiser, isn't it? ... Where do we eat? ... Can you change American money?"

Captain Walker floundered through the answers. He rang for the sentry and sent for Chief Gunner's Mate Smith, while George inspected the medal ribbons on his breast and asked more questions. This was interrupted by a polite knock and the appearance of C.G.M. Smith.

"Smith," said the captain, "these two young gentlemen are taking passage to England. They will sleep in my day cabin while we're at sea. From now until we arrive at our destination they'll be under your charge."

The ruddy-faced chief petty officer, who had served England in two wars, looked at his commanding officer, wanted to kill him, and said: "Aye, aye, sir."

"That's all, Smith."

"Aye, aye, sir." C.G.M. Smith left the cabin with his two charges hanging on to his arms. For the first time in 30 years he was considering desertion. "The ruddy Grey Funnel Line!" he muttered under his breath.

A disguised voice from somewhere called: "Hello, Daddy Dumplings!"

He swung round, his big fists clenching. But whoever it was had the sense to keep out of sight.

Captain Walker sent for the commander.

"Are we," he asked, as though quoting, "to all extents ready for sea?"

"Yes, sir."

"We sail at three o'clock."

"Very good, sir."

"Er—what do you think?"

"Well, sir—it's quite amazing."

"Yes, quite amazing."

At 1500 hours His Majesty's cruiser Midland, eight six-inch guns and smaller armament, under orders to proceed to the United Kingdom, weighed anchor and got under way. The boys were popular. And even if C.G.M. Smith was now known throughout the ship as "Daddy Dumplings," secretly he had developed a great affection for his charges.

But their presence, nevertheless, only aggravated the indifference of the crew to Midland as a ship. She was not a fighting one—she was a "blinkin' kindergarten." And the gunnery officer went on the bridge and told Captain Walker about it.

"There's no spirit," he reported. "I suppose, after all, that you can't expect men to take pride in a ship they'll be leaving in a couple of weeks."

"Logical," said Captain Walker, "but rather impractical, don't you think, in wartime?"

"Yes, sir. I'll keep driving them, sir."

Captain Walker kept his thoughts to himself. But he was a little tired. And then the commander came to him.

"There was a spot of trouble in

the mess decks this morning," the commander said.

Captain Walker stared at the sea.

"I don't suppose it was serious, sir. But we have a lot of Canadians aboard. They don't see eye to eye with our men in some things, sir. This started as a joke and got rather rough."

"Did you put a stop to it?"

"No, sir," said the commander.

"George did."

The captain swung round.

"George? Who is George?"

The commander was smiling a little. "George is one of our passengers, sir. And George is something of a cosmopolite. He's English, of course, but he's been living in America. So he walked into the mess decks and he told the warring factions they were being silly, and they listened to him."

"Tell George I'd like to see him," said Captain Walker.

THE captain was in his sea-cabin near the bridge when George answered the summons. He wore a deflated rubber lifebelt round his waist.

"Better blow that up," Captain Walker said. "We're at sea now, you know."

George did as he was told.

"Glad to be going home?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir. I'm going to see my mother." And he added, "I saw some pictures in your cabin down below. Is one of them your boy?"

"Yes."

"Is he in England?"

"Well—" And Captain Walker was glad that the officer of the watch entered at that moment. Young Derek hadn't been as lucky as George Clarke. That bombing had almost shattered the heart of Captain Derek Walker when it took his son.

"Yes."

"Is he in England?"

"Well—" And Captain Walker was glad that the officer of the watch entered at that moment. Young Derek hadn't been as lucky as George Clarke. That bombing had almost shattered the heart of Captain Derek Walker when it took his son.

"Yes."

"Is he in England?"

"Well—" And Captain Walker was glad that the officer of the watch entered at that moment. Young Derek hadn't been as lucky as George Clarke. That bombing had almost shattered the heart of Captain Derek Walker when it took his son.

"Yes."

"Is he in England?"

"Well—" And Captain Walker was glad that the officer of the watch entered at that moment. Young Derek hadn't been as lucky as George Clarke. That bombing had almost shattered the heart of Captain Derek Walker when it took his son.

"Yes."

"Is he in England?"

"Well—" And Captain Walker was glad that the officer of the watch entered at that moment. Young Derek hadn't been as lucky as George Clarke. That bombing had almost shattered the heart of Captain Derek Walker when it took his son.

"Yes."

"Is he in England?"

"Well—" And Captain Walker was glad that the officer of the watch entered at that moment. Young Derek hadn't been as lucky as George Clarke. That bombing had almost shattered the heart of Captain Derek Walker when it took his son.

"Yes."

"Is he in England?"

"Well—" And Captain Walker was glad that the officer of the watch entered at that moment. Young Derek hadn't been as lucky as George Clarke. That bombing had almost shattered the heart of Captain Derek Walker when it took his son.

"Yes."

He gazed down at two fair-haired youngsters treading the sacred planks of the British Navy.

He looked at the signal the officer gave him. Then he made marks on a chart lying on his desk.

"Looks like two packs of them will be crossing," he said. "We'll have to try and run through the gap before they join. Thirty knots."

"Very good, sir."

George was suddenly all ears. "Packs?" he asked. "Gosh, do you mean U-boats?"

"Yes," said Captain Walker.

"Are we going to attack them?"

"No. Not if we can help it."

"Why not?"

"Well, this is a cruiser, George. She's not an anti-submarine vessel. We'll be going very fast for a little while. So stay below, under cover."

"Yes, sir. Gosh!" And George left the sea-cabin, greatly excited, but wondering a little about a warship that ran away from trouble.

"Drink your tea," ordered Chief Gunner's Mate Smith.

George and his friend Billy obediently gulped the hot liquid. But their eyes were wide and shining, and their hearts beat fast. When C.G.M. Smith was called away to do a job, George said, "Gee, listen to the waves. We're going lickety-split. I want to see."

"The captain told you to stay below," cautioned Billy.

"But I got to see. I got to."

The first contact was reported to the bridge at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was a single contact, and Captain Walker said: "It may be a lone U-boat on her way to join the others. Increase the zig-zag. Ask the engine-room to give us all possible speed."

At 1615 the track of the torpedo was sighted off the port bow. With

the seamanship that he had never forgotten, Captain Walker wheeled his ship. Self-sprayed eyes watched from the bridge, and breathless men waited as the big vessel took the helm and fell away from the murderous white track. The torpedo passed within ten feet of the cruiser's stern.

Captain Walker grabbed the compass binnacle for support as the ship canted over. And suddenly a telephone on the bridge buzzed impatiently, and a seaman, answering it, called out:

"One of the boys, sir! He's over the side—port side. The Clarke boy, sir."

Captain Walker stared at the seaman for a second. In that second rapid thoughts came to his mind. Young George Clarke in the water. His own dead son. The ship under him, the 400 men who were part of her. And the U-boat out there, manoeuvring.

How simple some things could be. A few brief orders. Stop the engines. Hard-a-port. Away life-boat's crew. He had learnt that exercise as a midshipman. How simple to give those orders!

"Slip a Carley float," he said. And that was all. The cruiser continued at 32 knots, full out on her zig-zag course.

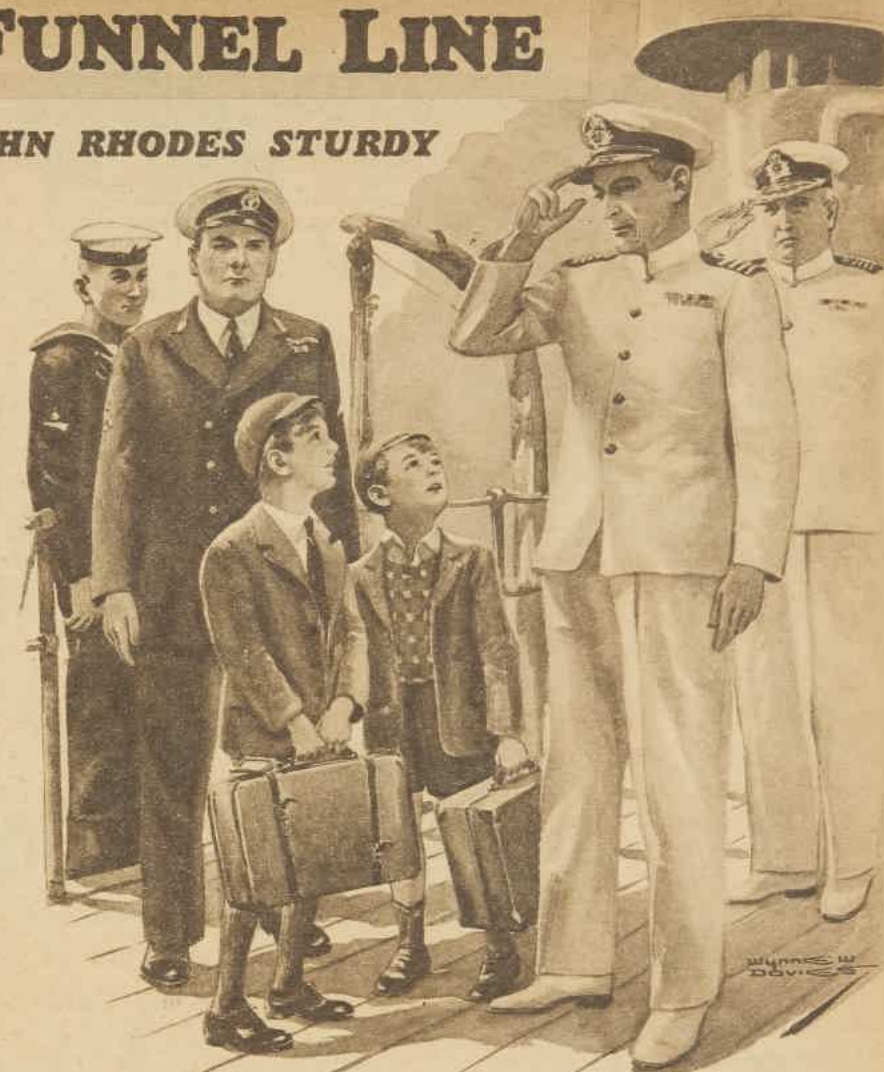
A report came to the bridge: "After port Carley float slipped, sir."

Captain Walker looked over the port side. In the troubled sea astern of him he saw the bobbing raft. A figure clung to it.

"Find out who went over with the float," he ordered.

The reply came back to him a moment later: "The chief gunner's mate, sir."

Please turn to page 10





Toast to the Bride

She's lovely with Pond's "Lips"
and Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder

It's so easy to have that heart-catching complexion loveliness — with Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder. Silky-soft, Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder goes on like a dream, gives your skin a "dream girl" radiance which seems to be your very own. And so clinging! Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder stays flower-fresh for hours. It's easy to give your lips a romantic glow of colour with Pond's "Lips". So smooth to put on...and it's like magic the way those radiant colours last.

You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" at your chemist or store, though now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. But Pond's are doing their best to keep everyone supplied. Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder: Small Size 1/8, Large Size (almost double quantity) 2/10.



USE POND'S "LIPS" AND POND'S DREAMFLOWER FACE POWDER WITH POND'S COLD, AND VANISHING CREAMS.

CALL ME AT SEVEN

WHEN Celia came to the city, found herself a good job, a good boarding-house, she felt that she had dealt successfully with the complexities of life, and could relax.

She reckoned without three factors.

The first was her complete inability to rise at seven o'clock. She discovered that it was at this hour of the whole twenty-four that she slept most soundly. The second was the scarcity of alarm clocks.

The third was the Bimmer, of whom Celia stood in considerable awe. Miss Bimmer had looked over her spectacles at Celia on her second day at work, and said: "Miss Carshaw, when you milked the cows, didn't you have to do it at a certain time each day?"

"Yes, Miss Bimmer," Celia replied.

"Here in the city we are also punctual," Miss Bimmer said, and Celia quailed.

At dinner that night she confided her troubles to a large, amiable, and ugly young man who sat next to her. "You're one of those, too, are you?"

"One of what?"

"A sleeper-in."

Celia sighed.

"I'm terrible. I'm never really awake till I've had a shower."

"When I really wake up," said the large young man, "I usually find that I'm having lunch."

His grin was infectious, and Celia smiled too.

"How did you manage in the Navy?" she asked.

"An orderly used to buff me over the face with a wet towel."

"Did you get up then?"

"Well, I sat up then—just long enough to buff the orderly. Then I went back to sleep."

"So that's the way wars are won?" murmured Celia.

"Oh, we used to fish occasionally, too. But about this alarm clock. I think I can get you one—"

"Would you repeat that . . . softly, in a low, musical voice?"

"—but I think it might take some time."

"Oh!"

"But, meanwhile, I've an idea."

"If it's staying up all night, I've thought of it."

"Not quite so drastic."

"What is it?"

A ferocious but ineffective scowl menaced his amiable features.

"Sch!" he muttered. "The enemy—she listens!"

Celia looked round. Certainly Miss Tuggs was viewing their apparent intimacy with a glassy stare.

"Meet me in the ping-pong room after dinner, Miss—"

"My name," said Celia, "is not Miss Er. It's Celia Carshaw."

"I thought it would be. Mine's Timothy Greig."

Not until she had played him two sets of table tennis would Timothy expound his idea. At last:

"Now you want to get up at seven, don't you," he said. "I always set

my alarm for a quarter to. I spring out of bed, greeting the day with a sunny smile, and scream down to the bathroom for some shaving water. Now—"

"Look," said Celia gently. "I'd just love to hear the story of your life, but why not start at the beginning?"

Timothy grinned.

"Now, here's the point (all right, don't say it!). On my way to the bath, which I reach at precisely seven ack emma, I pass by your boudoir. Now what's to stop me giving a couple of hearty thumps on your door as I go by?"

Celia caught her breath, and looked stricken.

"And to think I thought that you were just another man!"

"Would it be all right?"

"Seriously," said Celia, "it'd be about the slightest thing that ever happened to me, and I'd bless you forever. But—do you think you'd remember?"

Timothy looked at her, and a faint blush stung her cheeks and she dropped her eyes.

"Try me," he said, huskily.

Three days passed and Timothy proved an exemplary awakener. Every morning it was his sharp tap that brought Celia from the arms of Morpheus and launched her into a bustling world. At seven-thirty precisely Celia left her room to go down to breakfast. She knew it was seven-thirty because a nearby factory whistle blew at that time. She grew wondrously punctual despite the lack of alarm clocks.

Timothy, however, into whose faithful eyes had been creeping a light of unwonted brilliance, was not happy. He saw Celia at breakfast and at dinner, and this inevitably in the decorous but uninspiring company of Miss Tuggs and their fellow boarders.

It was a Wednesday morning that Timothy tapped, as usual, at Celia's bedroom door and received no reply. He tapped again and again, and still the usual "Thank you" was not forthcoming.

He shrugged his shoulders and went on toward the bathroom pondering. Had she got up early, or had she not come home? He knew she had gone out the night before, and he had not heard her come in. Had she stayed the night with friends, or—A series of calamities flashed across Timothy's brain in a cassandric whirl. He swung round.

Celia had been out the night before, and she had been very late. But she had gone to bed with the imminence of her rising weighing heavily upon her mind, so that although Timothy's knocking had not actually awakened her, it had induced that state of semi-consciousness that is usually a prelude to complete wakefulness. It was so in this case.

Hardly had Timothy left the door than Celia was wide awake. She thought that it was early, that it



Timothy insisted on two games of ping-pong before he told his plans.

must be before seven, but determined to rise immediately rather than risk being late.

Peeling tremendously virtuous, she swung her legs over the edge of the bed and hopped out smartly. She stretched luxuriously, and was beginning to take off her pyjama coat when she heard the door-knob turn.

Timothy, wild eyed with anxiety, put his head in the door.

"Oh!" cried Celia. "Oh!" said Timothy reverently, and vanished.

All that day Timothy thought of the anxiety he'd suffered when he thought something was amiss with Celia. He now realised, with a touch of panic and a glow of exaltation, that he was really in love. By four o'clock he had everything settled.

He would take her to a show that night. At supper he would delicately touch upon his deep admiration for her. To-morrow night they would go for a walk and he would, with the aid of full moon, wax romantic. Then on Sunday they would go for a picnic in the country and he would pop the question.

That was the way to do it, methodically and sensibly. No good

timothy lunged to his feet, pushed the flowers toward her, and tried to put his heart and his intentions into one breathless speech.

"Hullo, Celia. Some flowers for you . . . little blue thingunabobs are pretty, aren't they? . . . Look here, this way's no good." He flinched and blushed a little under her stare, and then he said it. He put all his plans on the table in one desperate rush. He said:

"Celia, I must see more of you. Can—"

Celia looked at him for one long moment, and the memory of his intrusion that morning exploded in her mind. She swept past him to the stairs.

"Oh, my!" breathed Timothy, and stumbled out into the street.

He still had his arms full of flowers when he walked dazedly into his favorite haunt.

"Hullo," said the barman. "Going to

a wedding?"

"No," said Timothy. "I've been to a funeral."

"Okay," said Joe. "What'll ya have?"

"Give me—" Timothy scanned the glistening rows of bottles. Then he sighed and thrust out his chin.

"Give me one of those famous uppercuts of yours, Joe."

"Okay," said Joe.

A week later Timothy stopped Celia in the hall, and his dejected air almost melted her.

"I say, how are you managing to get up now?"

"I get up by the factory whistle."

"But that's at half-past seven."

"I manage to get to work on time by missing breakfast," said Celia.

The next morning Celia got to work at a quarter to ten. The morning after that at half-past nine. The next at ten-fifteen. That night Timothy stopped her in the hall again.

"Still managing to get to work on time?"

Celia's eyes filled with tears.

"That beastly factory whistle has stopped going," she said.

Timothy said: "I gave orders for that factory whistle not to be blown, I'm afraid."

"You!"

"Yes. You see, I'm plant superintendent there."

Celia gazed at him wide-eyed.

"I might have it started again if you asked me nicely."

Celia clasped her hands.

"Oh, would you—please?"

Timothy considered deeply.

"No," he said. "On second thoughts I don't think that's possible. I never rescind an order."

Celia dropped.

"But," he said, "I know another way."

In Celia's blue eyes hope dawned again.

"Yes?"

"We've only one alarm clock between us. The only thing to do is to share it."

Bewilderment fought incredulity for Celia's expression.

"Will you marry me, Celia?"

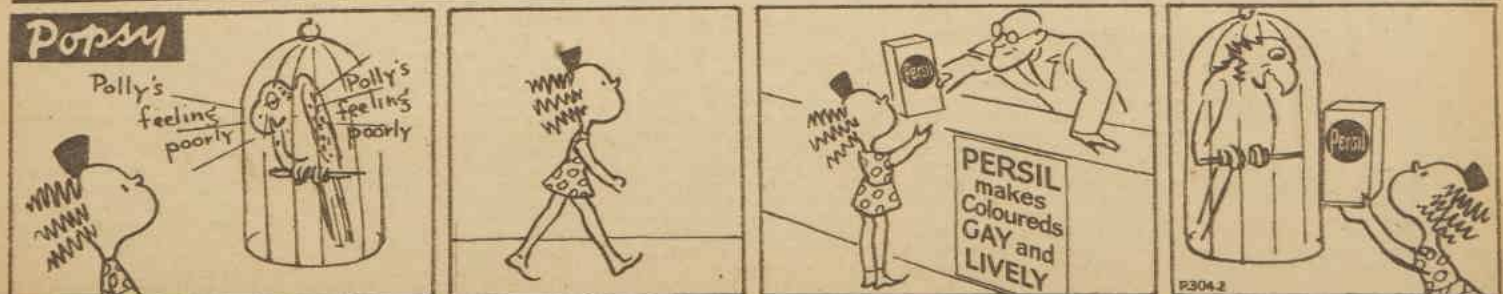
"Marry you!" cried Celia, her voice husky with anger.

Timothy took a step forward.

"All right, then," said Celia, going to him.

"But I'm only marrying you for your alarm clock," she said, with her lips against his.

(Copyright)



DANGER IN PARADISE

Beginning our new serial, a modern murder mystery, strongly romantic, and set in a New York film studio.

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



Iris, singing in a voice that is as sweet as she is.

SIX gorgeous girls walked past the door of my office. One of them waved at me and said, "Hi, Jimmy!" and I said, "Hi, Beautiful," absentmindedly.

They were really lovely. They were fashion models, fresh up from the agency. Each carried a hatbox, which is the hallmark of professional models on the job. In a few seconds they'd be in the dressing-room, and fifteen minutes later they'd be in the gallery, ready for work. The cameras would start shooting and the results would eventually appear in swank magazines.

They'd look so good that thousands of women would get the idea that they could look the same way if they had the same clothes. Then they'd go and buy the clothes. That was the general idea. That was why Carrington, Inc., was prosperous. I was sales manager for Carrington.

It was a good job and I liked it. But in the course of my daily labors lovely ladies were a commonplace—they didn't give me any personal thrill. Especially to-day they couldn't thrill me. My mind was on something else.

That the something else happened to be a girl was my business. That she happened to be beautiful was mere coincidence. That she was Iris Randall was a miracle.

You've heard of Iris. Or even if you haven't heard of her, you've heard her. She sings. Over the radio. Her voice is almost as sweet as she is. It has a quality that makes you tingle. Well, anyway, it makes me tingle.

She isn't one of the ultra-top names in radio, but she's way up there. At any rate, she's good enough to hold a feature spot in a once-a-week show.

Iris was due back in New York. She was coming in on an Army plane, which meant that the exact hour of her arrival was anybody's

guess. It was now well into the afternoon, and ever since nine o'clock that morning I had been staring reprovingly at the telephone on my desk, wondering why it didn't bring me the sound of her voice.

Iris had been away a long time. Five months. And when you're in love with a girl, five months is forever. She had been with a USO unit which had been knocking itself out in the Caribbean area. She had passed up a wonderful new contract to go out and entertain the lads in uniform—the ones scattered through the outposts of the Western Hemisphere.

They were lonely and uncomfortable and they rated a break. But I was lonely, too, right here in New York, and I didn't object to getting a break myself.

I walked from my office into the enormous oak-paneled reception-room. I couldn't sit still. Over in the corner, near the entrance, was the switchboard. Margie Brett was sitting there, and I was in the mood to talk to her.

Margie was like no other girl in the world. Even wives adored her. She was small, and slender, and pretty. She was friendly as a pup. She knew the studio inside out. What she did in her off hours, I didn't know. I had seen her playing the Armed Forces. Sometimes she'd leave the studio flanked by a soldier, a sailor, a marine, and a lad in coastguard outfit.

I said, "Margie, you aren't doing me right." She knew what I meant and flashed a dimple in my direction. She said, "Sorry, Jimmy. Maybe her plane hasn't come in."

"If she calls," I suggested, "and I'm talking to the most important client in the world—cut him off."

Margie said, "You've got it bad."

Two little red lights started popping on the switchboard, and Margie started doing things. Her voice was warm and cheerful. She never got impatient. I thought: If the

studio loses her, it'll have to go out of business.

I went back to my office, sat down at my fancy desk, and started riffling through a stack of test shots. Precision jobs for a pharmaceutical firm. I couldn't get excited. Gauzes and bandages and suturing needles didn't do anything to enhance my romantic mood. But they couldn't kill it, either.

Somebody turned in at my door. I looked up casually and then made a noise like a duck.

Iris! When you've said that, you've said everything. That's the way I was—absolutely and completely overboard. I forgot all the beautiful speeches I'd been working on for a week. I staggered to my feet and said, "Well, I'll be dog-goned, You!"

Iris walked over to me. She looked wonderful. She was twenty-four years old and slender. She had been a model at Carrington's before radio discovered her, and she still had those qualities of face and figure which justify cameras. She had brown hair which curved softly round her shoulders and was worn brushed back from her forehead in a soft wave.

She wore a beige cloth coat with a brown fur collar. The coat was open, and underneath I could see a beige-and-brown dress and a lot of Iris. She had on a pert little off-the-face hat. She was sunburned. She was perfect.

I grabbed one of her hands between both of mine. I said, "If I had the nerve, I'd kiss you." She stood there waiting, so I kissed her. Her lips were soft and warm and at first it was wonderful. Then I stepped away and got sorry that I'd done it. I said, "Not up to specifications," and she asked "Why?"

"It's still got that sisterly touch."

She looked straight at me and for just an instant her eyes were serious. She said, "You know, Jimmy

"Yes, I know. I rate tops with

you; I'm your best friend. Very nice. Of course, I'm complimented, but I'm disappointed."

There was an awkward moment. She ended it by putting a package on my desk. "A token of my esteem," she said. "Straight from Havana."

I untied the paper. Inside was a box of fifty cigars. "El Corsario Invencibles," I said. "Wow!"

She seemed uncertain. "Are they good?"

"Good? They're about the most expensive things on the market when you're lucky enough to find them. They're much too good for a smoker like me." I looked at her and grinned. "How come you know so much about cigars?"

We were getting back to normal. This was the way she liked it. She said, "You'd be surprised."

"A new boy-friend?"

"A lot of new ones. But this one . . . She made a gesture. "Jimmy, have you ever been a girl and met a handsome Cuban who liked you and wanted to show you a good time?"

I said I hadn't. I said I thought it was silly of him to give her cigars when she didn't even smoke cigarettes. She said, "It wasn't exactly that way, either. He gave me a box of El Corsario Invencibles that he asked me to bring in for a friend of his. I thought that if he selected them they must be good. So I went to the cigar stand in the hotel and bought you a duplicate box. So if they're not what the doctor ordered, you can blame Benigno, not me."

"Benigno," I said. "That's an awful name. How did you meet him?"

"We finished our tour in Havana. Laid over there waiting for a plane. He looked me up. Said he knew Howard Lawton."

"Lawton?" I shrugged. "Is that any special recommendation?"

Howard Lawton was our assistant business manager. He was all right, but I could take him or leave him alone. I usually left him alone.

"It was an introduction," she explained. "It gave Benigno an excuse to take me out to dinner several times. We went dancing, too. And when I left I promised to write him. But I forgot to get his address."

"So that's one rival checked off. You've been round Army camps for five months. I suppose there have been others."

"Thousands." Her face grew serious. "We're too likely to forget about the kids who are marooned off in the jungle doing a tough job and doing it the tough way, Jimmy. They feel miserable and bored and forgotten. They haven't even got the thrill of fighting. Some of them liked me; I loved them all. And if I made them forget their loneliness for a few hours . . ."

She broke off sharply. "Don't let me get started, Jimmy."

"Okay," I said. "That finishes up with the new men in your life."

"Not quite," she said. "You can add one special agent of the F.B.I." She tried to make it light, but I caught something. I've known Iris a long time. I said, "So-o! F.B.I.?"

She crinkled the top of her nose. It's a little trick that gets me, and she knows it. She said, "He's new. Met him on the plane coming home."

"Name?"

"Crowley. Dan Crowley."

"Serious?"

"He's nice."

"So am I. I'm wonderful. I'm as essential to a woman as a vacuum cleaner. I'm perfect husband material for any girl named Iris Randall. I'm . . ."

"You're jealous!"

"Of course I'm jealous. And I've got an inferiority complex."

She said, "You'll like Dan."

"That's the worst of it. I like all

your friends. I'm living for the day when I can hate one of 'em."

I toyed with the box of El Corsarios. I appreciated them more than she knew. Not just because they were fine cigars, but because she had thought of me and had taken the trouble to bring them all the way back from Havana.

"Been home?" I asked.

"Yes. I parked my suitcases and came down to see you."

"Tied up for dinner to-night?"

"Yes. With you, I hope."

"Check." I was feeling good.

"Just stick round a while, and —"

She shook her head. "No can do. I'm due at Al Brenner's office almost right away."

Al Brenner was a good guy. He owned pieces of a half-dozen popular night clubs, and he'd been trying to land Iris for one of them for a long time. I said, "You going to tackle night-club work?"

She shook her head. "I'm happy with what I've got. But Al's been cabling me. I promised to drop in on him for a few minutes as soon as I hit New York. I could be back here about seven, though, and from then on you can call it."

"I call a long, quiet evening. Just you and me. That's what I want more than anything."

"Then that's what you shall have."

She meant it. Naturally, she couldn't know that it wasn't going to work out that way.

Neither of us could have guessed that within eight hours we'd be up to our necks in murder.

The Carrington studio is on the west side of New York. It was once a warehouse, and still looks that way from the outside. On the street level is a garage which belongs to the studio. You can enter that from the street, leave your car, and walk up a silly spiral staircase which enters the studio through my office.

It's an arrangement which strips me of privacy, but there isn't much privacy in an outfit like ours, anyway.

We have a reception room which is tremendous and beautiful and dignified. We have a photograph gallery which is big enough for indoor baseball. Connecting the two there is a long, narrow hallway flanked by private offices. Beyond the gallery and up a short flight of steps are the art department, developing and printing rooms, and processing laboratories.

There is a huge wardrobe room and a nifty dressing-room for models. We have a taproom decorated in old English style and presided over by a slender little man named Andy. Andy has charge of the studio liquor cabinet, and only he and the boss have keys to that cabinet.

My office isn't any different from the other offices except that my desk is new and shiny. It's a garish onyx-and-chromium job. At first I was impressed by it, but those days have gone.

I was standing close to Iris now, when two people walked in. And I couldn't kick, no matter how little I wanted company right then, because my visitors were the boss and his wife.

Wallace Carrington looked formidable and sounded formidable and wasn't either. He was forty-three years old, slightly above medium height, clean-shaven, and conservative. Everybody called him Wally and everybody liked him.

But whereas conservatism was the keynote of Wally Carrington, the same couldn't be said of his wife. I didn't know her precise age, but thirty would have been my guess.

She had come into the studio a couple of years before to be Wally's secretary, and for almost a year now she had been his wife, which seemed to be a fairly quick promotion.

She swept in ahead of her husband and grabbed Iris by both hands and they began chattering about nothing at all, with Wally standing in the background interjecting an occasional remark. He was fond of Iris and proud of her success. He



Al Brenner made a peculiar sound. His head dropped, his body began to bend forward.

stuck his head outside the door and called for Andy. He ordered drinks. Studio rule was no drinks until five o'clock, but Wally insisted that this was a special occasion.

Andy came back with the drinks and put them on my desk. I showed him my box of El Corsario Invinibles. I said, "Look what Iris brought me."

He said: "Good cigars, Mr. Drake."

"Too good," I agreed. "Too good for me, and infinitely too good for customers." I opened the bottom drawer of my desk and shoved the box inside. "That's so nobody can find 'em," I explained.

Andy said, "That's a good idea. A lot of guys don't know a decent cigar when they see it."

Somebody bawled for Andy, then, to bring a stepladder into the gallery. He grinned at Iris, said he was glad to see her again and vanished into the hall. We settled down to our drinks, and a lot of idle chitchat that went on until Iris suddenly remembered to look at her watch and saw she was late for her appointment with Brenner. She grabbed her bag and gloves and started for the reception-room. I went with her.

She stopped for a word with Margie. She and Margie were old friends. They'd been models together. Now Margie was punching a switchboard and Iris was making big money as a singer. But that made no difference to either of them.

I walked into the street with Iris, found a taxi and put her in it. I walked back to the studio alone. There was a good strong wind whipping it; but if I was cold, I didn't know it.

"Jimmy Drake," I told myself sternly, "you're a fatuous fool." That fitted. I liked the sound of it.

Being a fatuous fool about Iris seemed to be the nicest thing in the world.

I walked into the reception-room and Margie flagged me. She told me that Wally Carrington wanted me in his office. I walked up the decorative flight of steps and barged in on a conference.

Wally was sitting behind his desk holding a bunch of color shots in his hand. In front of him was a little gadget covered with ground glass. He'd put one of the color shots on the ground glass, flick a switch which would turn on a light under the glass and the color shot would show up clear as a bell. He called me over, ran through the set with me, and said, "They're your customers, Jimmy. What do you think?"

I said they weren't the best I'd ever seen, but I'd certainly seen worse. I said, "We don't have to show 'em to the client."

"The client has already seen them," Wally said. "He thinks they're great."

"Then what . . . ?"

Hal White, the chief of the photographic department, broke in. "I don't care what the client thinks," he said. "The shots are no good. We don't want those things going out as Carrington work."

Hal was a good guy and I liked him, but right then I didn't feel like arguing about a bunch of pictures. I said, "My job is to please the customer. When it comes to quality . . . that's your headache," and I walked across the office and sat down on the couch alongside Sonia.

Sonia was looking particularly attractive. She took out a jade cigarette case, passed me a smoke, and selected one for herself. The clasp of the cigarette case was broken, and she said something about getting it fixed. Then she

started asking me questions about Iris.

Sonia always knew just how to hit the right personal note that made you feel that you and your affairs were the only things in the world that counted.

So we sat there and discussed Iris while the debate in the corner waxed hotter and hotter. Wally and Hal sent for Howard Lawton. I didn't care much for Lawton. He was efficient enough as assistant business manager, and was probably all right, but he never had registered with me.

He was over six feet, and built like an athlete. At thirty-six, he looked older, perhaps because of a premature greyness. He talked with a slow, lazy drawl, but he didn't overdo it. Sonia said, "You don't like Howard, do you?"

I said, "Yes, I like him."

"But not much."

"Am I supposed to?"

She said, "He's all right." The way she said it gave me the feeling that she was trying to sell herself something.

Our three debaters were getting nowhere fast. They were doing it in a loud way. An outsider couldn't have guessed which one was boss. I got up and told Sonia I'd be going back to my office. I was the forgotten man. I left the room and they never missed me.

Work was piled on my desk. The telephone rang, and Margie's bright, cheerful voice reminded me of two calls I was supposed to make. I didn't make either.

I was thinking of the evening ahead. An evening alone with Iris. It was something nice to think about.

Except that I was feeling a bit sensitive. We were at war, but I wasn't. I was a big, husky guy, and the Armed Services wouldn't have me. I'd got bunged up in my college days. Football and lacrosse. Injured knee cartilage. Torn ligaments. I still wore a contraption on that knee, a brace made of woven rubber and two little steel bars. Wearing it, I was as good as the next man, but the Army and Navy still said no.

And Iris had been touring in areas where everybody was in uniform; where every man was doing something. Even the F.B.I. man she'd met on the plane coming home. He wasn't in uniform, but he was playing a big role in the war effort. My contribution was limited to hard work in my off hours. I was doing what I could, but it didn't make me feel like any part of a hero.

I lifted my eyes to the poster on the opposite wall. "Barn Dances for Employees and Clients," it said. Iris would be there, but I knew I wouldn't have much chance to be alone with her. She was too famous; too popular.

Yes, Iris was home again. But in those brief moments of despondency she seemed farther away than ever.

My evening with Iris got off on the left foot.

She came back to the studio at seven o'clock sharp, but she wasn't alone. Al Brenner was with her. She shoved him into my office and made a gesture over his shoulder. The gesture said she was sorry, but there was nothing she could do about it. I was sorry, too, and there was nothing I could do about it, either.

I had met Brenner several times and I liked him. I liked him very much. But not to-night.

Iris came in behind him and started speaking while he and I were shaking hands. She said, "Al is having dinner with us, Jimmy."

I said, "That's great. It's a break I hadn't counted on." I didn't say whether I thought it was a good break or a bad break.

Al was a jovial soul, pink-faced with shrewd, humorous eyes. He said a lot of nice things about me and about Iris. He said he'd bet she hadn't had a fancy meal in five months. He decided to take us to one of his best night-clubs, and he promised us something extra special in the way of food, service, and entertainment. Evidently he had the idea that that was what I was interested in.

He had a big car and a driver waiting outside. It was parked halfway down the block, and Brenner said he'd go and get it, the driver looking as though he might be asleep. I started to walk with him, but Iris grabbed my arm.

"The minute he was out of ear-shot, she said, 'I don't like it any better than you do. But he insisted on coming.'"

"That's just ducky," I said. "It's precisely what I wanted."

She said, "Don't go on like that, Jimmy. After dinner I'm going to beg off. I'll say I'm tired. I'll let the pair of you take me home. I'll say good-bye to both of you at the door. Then you can walk round the block and phone me from the corner drug-store. You can come back."

I began to perk up. I said, "So it won't be a complete washout, after all."

"I promise."

"I warn you. I'll either propose marriage again or make propositions."

"Grand. Just like old times."

Please turn to page 32

The Grey Funnel Line

Continued from page 5

THE captain sighed. The answer had not surprised him.

For almost an hour the cruiser played mouse to the U-boat's cat. In that time she weaved across the face of the ocean. And then came the report: "Lost contact."

The men on the bridge looked inquiringly at the captain. Far away on the rolling sea the Carley float had disappeared from sight. Men who were old sailors had watched it go, and felt sick.

"Continue the zig-zag," said Captain Walker. The men round him went on with their jobs. They could not see his eyes, for he stared straight ahead.

What would the boy's mother have said—could a mother ever understand that a man cannot gamble with one small life against 400?

The big cruiser took the seas in her teeth.

"Any new contacts?" asked Captain Walker later.

"No, sir. None at all."

"Pilot?"

"Yes, sir."

"Set a course for where you think the float may have drifted."

"Very good, sir."

"If it's not sighted within an hour, or there is any report of contact with U-boats, abandon the search."

"Very good, sir."

Captain Walker walked off the bridge. The men there looked after him. There was hardened and considered admiration in their eyes. It is a fighting man who makes a fighting ship.

It was just before dusk when the officer of the watch came to his sea-

cabin and reported that the float had been sighted. Captain Walker looked up from a book he had been reading.

"Thank you," he said.

He stood on the main deck, amidships by the torpedo tubes, when the cruiser stopped and made a lee for the bobbing grey raft. Half the ship's company stood behind him. A tiny figure and a large one lay in the wet centre of the float. Without waiting for an order a seaman dived from the deck of the Midland with a line and swam to the raft. He was the man who climbed back to the deck with a small limp figure in his arms.

"Give him to me," said Captain Walker, and took the boy from the seaman. Young George's eyes were half-closed. He started to cough.

Two men supported Chief Gunner's Mate Smith as he struggled over the side.

"Thank you," said the captain to Smith.

He glanced toward the bridge. An officer raised his arm and suddenly the Midland's engines started to turn over and she was under way again.

George coughed water out of his lungs.

"He was half-drowned when I got to him," C.G.M. Smith said thickly.

"Are you all right, old man?" the captain said, his face close to the small fair head.

"Sure," the boy gasped.

The captain turned and faced his crew. His uniform dripped water and there was a puddle round his



WASHING, a busy time-off scene at an A.G.H. at Attape. —Military History Photos

feet. He held George tightly in his arms. For a moment his eyes ran along the faces of the men, and then he smiled a little and walked forward in the direction of the sick bay.

Chief Gunner's Mate Smith reported to his fellow chiefs in the mess: "The little beggar's top line again. 'D'you know,' he says to me, 'the captain should never have gone back for me,' he says. 'I know,' says he, 'that ship in wartime don't pick up people that get lost over the side!'"

And at the wardroom table the gunnery officer sipped coffee and said: "Fact is, I don't know who gets the credit, the Old Man or the boy. But this ship isn't the same since yesterday. I'd take her out and fight her with my crew now, any time. Seems a shame that we're going in."

And the commander reported to Captain Walker: "Some of the men are asking if they can stay with the ship, sir. I—I rather think they're under the impression that you'll be remaining in command."

Captain Walker did not say anything.

"We have a good crew," said the commander.

Captain Walker nodded. And now he said: "Must the hands. Tell them that Midland is to be paid off and recommissioned with a new complement."

But the message was never passed. In the morning a low grey frigate came within signalling distance and flashed:

"Have been instructed to take off two passengers for U.K."

Every off-duty man aboard ship gathered on the deck of the cruiser to say good-bye to George Clarke and Billy Reynolds. With their battered suitcases in their hands they swatted the frigate's motor launch, and they edged very close to the Chief Gunner's Mate, who suddenly looked lost.

The motor launch came alongside. "Where's the captain?" George asked. "We want to say good-bye to the captain."

He came down the deck. He was holding a flimsy piece of paper in one hand. With the other he shook hands with the two boys.

"God bless you," he said, with a smile, and saluted.

He saluted again as the boat got under way, the two small figures standing in the stern sheets and waving.

And then he turned slowly, facing the crew. He looked deep into their eyes, and what he read there satisfied him and made him confident. They were the Midland's crew.

So he passed the piece of paper to the commander. And the commander read the words: "Emergency X," and looked up swiftly at Captain Walker.

"This signal—" he began. "It came a couple of minutes ago. And it means we don't go in for a while. We're joining the fleet—to fight, I hope."

An hour later the commander mustered the crew and told them the news. Midland was joining the fleet for operational purposes. And the crew cheered.

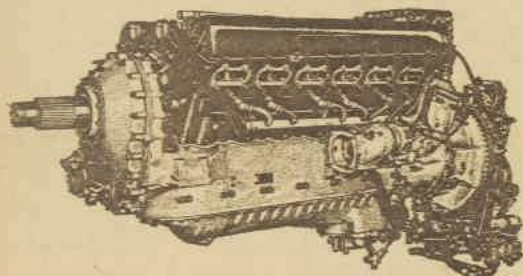
From his position on the bridge Captain Walker heard the cheering. And silently he drank again the toast made by the shipyard manager back in Norfolk, Va.

(Copyright)

NURSING sisters at an A.G.H. at Attape walk between the lines of tents which form small streets.



RIGHT: Off duty, the girls go fishing. These are Jeanne Freeman (Perth), Phyllis Phillips (Perth), Joy Dickson (a physiotherapist, of N.Z.), and Angela Corcoran (Grafton, N.S.W.)



The men who made the Merlin Aero Engines

Since the war started thousands of Britain's automobile engineers have been seconded to produce that superb, unsurpassed aero-engine—the Merlin. A product of such high precision demands in its making the aptitude of precision craftsmen. This can well be

understood, but the point we want to stress is that these men are the technicians who, eventually, will contribute their knowledge and skill to the output of those fine automobiles and robust trucks Britain intends to produce for export.



THE MOTOR INDUSTRY OF GREAT BRITAIN
AUTOMOBILES · TRUCKS · BUSES
expressly designed and built for overseas

PICTURE STORY

Can't sleep



Can't think



Can't go on!

To-night, you can sleep. Just drink a cup of hot Horlicks last thing before bed. You'll sleep . . . deep sleep. You'll wake with new energy, too. Of course, sleep or not, some people get up tired. Here's why.

35,000 heartbeats while you sleep!

All the time you're sleeping, your body burns up energy, keeping your heart and lungs

at work. Unless energy is replaced, you wake feeling tired.

A cup of Horlicks before bed restores this lost energy. It pours proteins into you for repairing body tissues—and carbohydrates to build new energy. You'll wake full of life—when you take Horlicks.

Simply add hot water, mix well. Glass jars, or tins, 2/6. (Prices slightly higher in country.)

Get HORLICKS to-day

SLEEP to-night — More ENERGY to-morrow

Hollywood suits



• An important, "dressy" suit, sweetly tailored, yet very feminine. Warners star Jane Wyman likes it done in soft green wool, and adds dash with a fetching cap of two huge white roses. (Above.)

• Fashion-conscious Jane Wyman highlights a slim suit of light navy-blue wool with gleaming bands of red patent leather. With it a red patent leather bag, and a saucy pillbox hat to match. (Right.)

• A simple shirtmaker frock of red, white, and blue checked wool is topped by a casual red suede jacket, and helps youthful RKO actress Bonita Granville to look smart and patriotic. (Extreme right.)



HATTIE CARNEGIE presents suits incomparable in every detail. Jacket lines have a pleasing variety. Some are snug, button-down-the-front little affairs . . . some nip in at the waist and flare slightly below it . . . some are cutaways with elbow-length sleeves . . . some are cut wide in the bodice to serve as show windows for enchanting little blouses.

TRIGERE is showing a lot of softly tailored suits, the majority with hip-length or longer jackets, some dipped slightly in the back. Tiny upturned revers rather than collars, and pockets in line with the yoke or hip seaming.

CHARLES ARMOUR favors trim but "dressy" wool suits. Jackets are short and well fitted with wide shoulders, and the skirts are slim. Sometimes worn with gilets of striped taffeta . . . sometimes ornate bands of glitter.

JOSEPH and BEN BARNETT have long been known as outstanding creators of beautiful costume suits. This season their suits are rich in fur and bending. The minaret silhouette is a featured one. The belted coat is tunic length and gathered or flared to fullness below the waistline.

Top-notch hand-knits and a crochet sensation



MOVIE STARS, college graduates—women everywhere in America—are wearing this, the new square-shoulder, three-quarter-length coat that Diana Lewis, MGM star, models for you. She crocheted hers in a few days.

NEWEST IN JACKETS

• This unusual and charming jacket with its white ruffled collar and cuffs will appeal to all smart women.

MATERIALS: 8 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof or Sunbeam Super 3-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138 (red); 1 skein shade No. 1675 (white); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 1 medium crochet-hook; 8 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19½ in.; bust, 33-34 in.; length of sleeve seam, 19 in.

Tension: 15 sts. 2 in.; 18 rows 2 in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 90 sts.; work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in following pattern:

1st Row (right side): P.
2nd Row: K.
3rd Row: K 1, * k 3, k the next st., winding the wool twice round needle, repeat from * to last st., k 1.
4th Row: P 1, * sl 1 purwise, p 3, repeat from * to last st., p 1.
5th Row: K 1, * k 3, sl 1 knitwise, repeat from * to last st., k 1.
6th Row: Repeat 4th row.
7th Row: K 1, * miss the next 3 sts. on left-hand needle, and k into the front of the sl-st., but do not sl. it off needle; now k the 1st 3 sts. on left-hand needle, then pass the sl-st off needle, repeat from * to last st., k 1.
8th Row: K.

Repeat the last 8 rows and increase 1 st. each end of the next and then every 4th row until increased to 122 sts. When work measures 12½ in., shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beginning of the next 2 rows, K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7 in., shape shoulders by casting off 10 sts. at the beginning of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3½ in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 46 sts., sl. remaining 10 sts. on to a spare needle and leave for border. Continue in pattern on these 46 sts. and increase 1 st. at side-seam edge on the 9th and then every 4th row

• America calls the new, long, casual coat (shown left) the crochet sensation of the year. Worked in thick, fleecy wool, it takes but a day or two to make. Smart women will rush to make and wear their choice of the lovely snug, hand-knits presented on these pages—two came from Hollywood, one from England, and the other from a foremost Australian designer.

How to make the fleecy Crochet Coat

MATERIALS: Patons Bonny Sports Wool, 2½ lb.; 1 crochet-hook, No. 7.

Measurements: Width all round at underarm, 34 in.; length from top of shoulder, 30 in.; length of sleeve from underarm, 18 in.

Work into back of stitch throughout the garment.

BACK

Make a chain of 67 sts. (18 in.), * turn; 3 chain to stand for 1 treble, treble 66 sts. into chain, repeat from * for 41 rows. To shape armhole: sl-st. 8 sts., treble to within 8 sts., turn. Continue on these 51 sts. treble for 14 rows. To shape shoulder: Sl-st. 7 sts., treble 37 sts.; sl-st. 7 sts.; break off.

RIGHT FRONT

Make a chain of 34 sts. (8½ in.), * turn, 3 chain to stand for 1 treble, treble 33 sts. into chain, repeat from * for 41 rows. To shape shoulder: Work to within 8 sts., turn. Continue on these 25 sts. for 9 rows. To shape for neck: Sl-st. 10 sts., treble 15 sts. Work on these remaining 15

treble for 4 rows. To shape shoulder: Sl-st. across 7 sts., treble to end of row; break off.

LEFT FRONT

Work to correspond with right front, working shapings at opposite end of work.

SLEEVES

Make a chain of 27 sts., turn. Repeat pattern as given for back 3 times, increase 1 st. at beginning and end of every alternate row 14 rows; continue without further increase till sleeve measures 18 in. To shape top: Decrease 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 30 sts. remain; sl-st. 10 sts., treble 10, turn. Work on these remaining 10 sts. for 4 rows; break off. Work another sleeve in the same manner.

POCKETS

Make a chain of 27 sts. and work in pattern for 11 rows; break off.

SHOULDER-PADS

Make a chain of 26 sts., work in pattern for 10 rows. Break off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and warm iron press lightly. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew the top of sleeves. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Starting at right front corner, work 1 row d.c. round fronts and neck. Work 1 row d.c. right round garment. Work 1 row d.c. along pocket tops and bottoms of sleeves. Fold shoulder-pad covering diagonally in half and fill with cotton-wool. Sew shoulder-pads in position.



WARM, comfortable, and flattering is this little jacket designed to fit sizes 32 to 34. Make it any desired color, use the wool specified, watch tension—and all will be well.

until increased to 62 sts. When work measures 12½ in., cast off 8 sts. at armhole edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armhole measures 5½ in., cast off 6 sts. at neck edge of the next row. K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. When armhole measures 7 in., shape shoulder by casting off 10 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times.

BORDER

Using No. 12 needles, work the 10 sts. from spare needle in rib of k 1, p 1 for 14 in. Cast off. Stitch on to left front.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work 4 rows rib of k 1, p 1 (working 1st row into back of sts.). Next Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 3 sts., rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts., rib 4 sts. Continue in rib, making another buttonhole 2½ in. above 1st one. When work measures 3½ in., sl. the 1st 10 sts. on to

a spare needle. Change to No. 10 needles, p 46. Continue in pattern on these 46 sts. and work to correspond with other side, working shapings at opposite ends.

BORDER

Using No. 12 needles, work the 10 sts. from spare needle in rib of k 1, p 1 for 14 in., making 6 more buttonholes 2½ in. apart.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 50 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles and work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 18½ in., k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work toward you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 100 sts. round neck. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½ in. Cast off in ribbing.

Continued on page 38

Snug and lovely step-ins

• These featherweight undies are tops—they hug the figure beautifully and do not add one whit to bulk.

HERE are the directions for making them:

Materials: 5oz. Patons "Beehive" fingering wool, 3-ply (Patons Shrink-resist finish); 1 pair each of No. 9 and No. 13 knitting needles; 1 No. 10 crochet hook; 3 small pearl buttons; 1 yd. of narrow ribbon.

Measurements: Length from top of front to lower edge, 20½ in.; width all round under the arms, 25 in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1 in. in width and 9 rows to 1 in. in depth.

Work into back of all cast-on sts.

FRONT

Begin at the lower edge in the centre. Cast on 33 sts., using No. 13 needles, and work 4 rows in k 1, p 1 rib.

5th Row: Rib 3, cast off 3, rib 8, cast off 3, rib 8, cast off 3, rib 2.

6th Row: Rib 3, cast on 3, rib 9, cast on 3, rib 9, cast on 3, rib 3. Continue in the rib until it measures 2½ in. from the beg. Change to No. 9 needles and work 2 more rows, but cast on 40 sts. at beg. of each row, then cast on 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (123). Change to patt. as follows:

1st Row: K 8, * w.f.d., k 2, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.f.d., k 15; rep. from * to end, finishing k 8.

2nd and Alternate Rows: P 5, * k 2, p 9; rep. from * to end, finishing p 5.

3rd Row: K 9, * w.f.d., k 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.f.d., k 17; rep. from * to end, finishing k 9.

5th Row: K 10, * w.f.d., sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.f.d., k 19; rep. from * to end, finishing k 10.

6th Row: Like 2nd. Work 4 complete patts., then dec. 1 st. at both ends of the next and every 4th row following until 101 sts. remain, finishing right side toward you after a 5th row. Now work in patt. as follows:

1st Row: K 14, * w.f.d., k 2, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 2, w.f.d., k 15; rep. from * to end, finishing k 14.

2nd and Every Alternate Row: * k 2, p 9; rep. from * to end, finishing k 2.

3rd Row: K 15, * w.f.d., k 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., k 1, w.f.d., k 17; rep. from * to end, finishing k 15.

5th Row: K 16, * w.f.d., sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., w.f.d., k 19; rep. from * to end, finishing k 16.

6th Row: Like 2nd. Continue until work measures 13 in. from the beg., measure down the middle. Change to No. 13 needles and work 2½ in. in k 1, p 1 rib. Change again to No. 9 needles and patt. as last 6 rows, and work 4½ in., finishing right side toward you.

Now divide the sts. as follows:

Next Row: Cast off 3, patt. 45, cast off 3, patt. 48. Continue on

the last 49 sts., casting off 3 sts. at the beg. of every row until 1 st. remains. Cast off. Join wool to neck edge of other 46 sts. and work to match.

BACK

Work like front, omitting buttonholes until the 4½ in. in patt. have been worked above the waist ribbing. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams and press. Now work all round the top edge as follows: 1 d.c., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into every 3rd st. round, then work in same way round the leg edges. Now work a 2nd row into each ch. loop of 1st row. Sew on buttons and shoulder-straps.



THESE STEP-INS have been designed to fit sizes 35 to 37. Note the way ribbing hugs waistline.



A NEW VERSION of the sleeveless sweater has a high, round neck of rib-stitching which also outlines the deep armholes. An unusually high midriff effect of rib-stitching gives a young, slim waistline.

New, dashing, sleeveless sweater

HIGH midriff accentuates youthful, slim waistline.

Materials: 6 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof or "Wilga" 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2138 (red); 1 pair No. 9 needles; 1 set of 4 No. 12 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 21in. Bust, 32-34in.

Tension: 6 sts., 1in.; 8 rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 2, p 2, for 6in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 12 needles and continue in rib until work measures 9in. Change to No. 9 needles and work in st-st. for 3in.

Next Row: K 3, k 3 tog., k to last 6 sts., k 3 tog., k 3.

P 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row.

Repeat the last 4 rows until decreased to 76 sts. Continue in st-st. until armhole measures 9in., then shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows. Cast off.

FRONT

Work the same as for back until armholes measure 6in.



HERE YOU SEE the beautifully designed dress, directions for which commence below. Widely spaced rib-knitting starts at the slim hipline to give the skirt a slight fullness. A hand-embroidered, jewel-tone emblem and gold tie belt accent the blouse.

Superbly styled dress with curcette to match

• It has been designed to fit sizes 32 to 35.

MATERIALS: 20 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof crochet wool or 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2315 (bomber-blue); 2 pairs needles, Nos. 10 and 12; 1 crochet-hook; 3 button moulds; 1 buckle.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 43in.; bust, 32-34in.; waist, 26in.; hips, 36in.; length of sleeve seam, 5in.

Tension (over ribbed pattern): 7 sts., 1in.; 9 rows, 1in. (over moss-st.), 7 sts., 1in.; 11 rows, 1in.

SKIRT (Two Pieces)

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 91 sts. Work in moss-st. (working 1st row into back of sts.), and increase 1 st. each end of every 6th row until increased to 107 sts. Work 6 more rows, increasing 1 st. on the last row. Work as follows:

1st Row: K 3, * p 5, p twice into next st., p 6, k 3, repeat from * to end (115).

2nd Row: P 3, * k 13, p 3, repeat from * to end.

3rd Row: K 3, * p 13, k 3, repeat from * to end.

4th Row: Repeat 2nd row.

Repeat 3rd and 4th rows 4 times.

15th Row: K 3, * p 6, p twice into next st., p 7, k 3, repeat from * to end (129).

16th Row: P 3, * k 14, p 3, repeat from * to end.

17th Row: K 3, * p 14, k 3, repeat from * to end.

18th Row: Repeat 14th row.

Repeat 15th and 16th rows 4 times.

25th Row: K 3, * p 6, p twice into next st., p 7, k 3, repeat from * to end (129).

26th Row: P 3, * k 15, p 3, repeat from * to end.

27th Row: K 3, * p 15, k 3, repeat from * to end.

28th Row: Repeat 26th row.

Repeat 27th and 28th rows 4 times.

37th Row: K 3, * p 7, p twice into next st., p 7, k 3, repeat from * to end (136).

38th Row: P 3, * k 16, p 3, repeat from * to end.

39th Row: K 3, * p 16, k 3, repeat from * to end.

Continued on page 41



DIRECTIONS are given below for the making of this white wool skating sweater, gaily embroidered in colored wools, and worn by Rita Johnson, MGM player.

THIS little sweater is tucked into the short, red, flared skirt, bound in white flannel.

Directions are not given for cap or gloves.

Materials: 10 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white). Colored wools for embroidery; 2 pairs needles Nos. 10 and 12; 1 spare needle pointed both ends; 8 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 20 inches; bust, 32-34 inches; length of sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Tension: 13 sts., 2 inches; 17 rows, 2 inches.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles, p 10, * p twice into next st., p 9, repeat from * to end of row (109 sts.).

SKATING SWEATER OF THE SEASON

1st Row (right side): P 8, * k 1, p 1, k 1, p 12, repeat from * to last 11 sts., k 1, p 1, k 1, p 8.

2nd Row: K 8, * p 1, k 1, p 1, k 12, repeat from * to last 11 sts., p 1, k 1, p 1, k 8. Repeat last 2 rows twice. Repeat 1st row.

8th Row: K 8, * sl. next st. on spare needle and leave at back (right side of work), k 1, sl. next st. on spare needle also, k 1, p the 2 sts. from spare needle, k 11, repeat from * ending with k 7 instead of k 11.

Repeat last 8 rows and when work measures 12in. shape armholes by casting off 4 sts. at the beginning of the next 4 rows, K 2 tog. each end of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 7in. shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beginning of the next 8 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 56 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.) Change to No. 10 needles.

Next Row (wrong side): (K 1, p 1)

4 times, * p twice into next st., p 2, repeat from * to end (72 sts.).

Next Row: Work 64 sts. in pattern, (k 1, p 1) 4 times.

Next Row: (k 1, p 1) 4 times, work 64 sts. in pattern.

Repeat last 2 rows and when work measures 12in. cast off 4 sts. at armhole edge of the next row, K 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 4 rows, then every 2nd row 4 times. When armholes measure 4in. cast off 20 sts. at neck edge of the next row, K 2 tog. at neck edge of the next 6 rows, then every 2nd row until decreased to 26 sts. When armhole measures 7in. shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 4 times.

RIGHT FRONT

Work to correspond with left front, working border at opposite end and making buttonholes as follows: 1st one being 1in. from lower edge and 7 more 2in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: (k 1, p 1) twice, cast off 3 sts., work to end of row.

2nd Row: Work to last 4 sts., cast on 3 sts. (k 1, p 1) twice.

SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 64 sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3in. (working 1st row into back of sts.). Change to No. 10 needles, p 1 row. Work in pattern, increasing 1 st. each end of every 8th row until increased to 90 sts. When sleeve seam measures 19in. k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 30 sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using No. 12 needles, pick up and k about 91 sts. round neck. Work in rib for 3in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, pleat sleeves round armholes. Sew buttons on left front, sew press-stud at neck edge. Embroider flowers on fronts as shown in illustration.

Hand-Knits Hit the Headlines!



BOOK 186



BOOK 180



BOOK 179



BOOK 197

PATONS BEEHIVE FINGERING

SHRINK-RESIST
PATONISED
FINISH

This Knitting Wool can be washed repeatedly without shrinking and—most important!—will retain its original soft fullness and woolly texture. The "Patonised" Shrink-Resist Finish, exclusive to P & B Wools, is not something new and untried, but is the result of nearly sixteen years of research and improvement by Patons & Baldwins' own experts in their own factories.

Patons Knitting Books are 6d. a copy—posted 7½d. Obtainable from all Leading Drapers or direct from . . .

PATONS & BALDWIN'S LTD.

WRITE TO
DEPT. 3

BOX 1606 M
MELBOURNE

BOX 3716 SS
SYDNEY

BOX 929 M
BRISBANE

WORTH Reporting

WELL-KNOWN English cameraman Osmond Borrodale, now working with "The Overlanders" film unit in Central Australia, has an incurable passion for collecting pets.

Dutch film director Joris Ivens recalls his experiences with Borrodale when they were working together on the documentary film, "Action Stations."

For six weeks they lived on a corvette of the Royal Canadian Navy while it sailed in the waters of Nova Scotia and Newfoundland. In spite of protests from Captain and crew, "Borrdy" refused to be parted from his pet—a large and very playful Newfoundland pup.

"The Overlanders" company take a more resigned view of Borrodale's rapidly growing menagerie at their camp near Alice Springs. It already includes rabbits, mountain devils, and a baby kangaroo.

The company is apprehensive about what will happen when they move up to the Roper River, where crocodiles abound.

A MAN went to his doctor for treatment for his throat, and, on being asked the trouble, he hoarsely whispered, "Cigarette."

"Ah," said the doctor. "Smoking too many?"

"No," was the reply. "Asking for them."

UP THE POLE

SINCE scientists have learned that the North Magnetic Pole

is in quite a different place from where they thought. They admit that navigation has been prone to aberration. Which makes complex life with yet more trouble fraught. For if East's no longer East and West no longer West, is it safe to steer your course now by a star? And if we are not where we always thought we were, then will someone kindly tell us where we are?

—DOROTHY DRAIN.

THE first art of being a parent consists in sleeping when the baby isn't looking.

—U.S. Magazine.

Not so sissy

A SMALL boy went into the local grocer shop accompanied by his dog, a small but pugacious mong. When the lad had made his purchase he called to the dog: "Come on, Winnie."

"Goodness," said the grocer, "that's a sissy name for your dog." The boy looked at him fiercely. "Sissy!" he said. "Don't you know that Winnie's short for Winston Churchill?"

War's hangover

GIGANTIC task of clearing the North Sea of German and British mines is now in progress.

For months after the 1918 armistice, mines were being washed up on European shores or exploded at sea by rifle-fire by fishermen out on their daily trawls.

Although the main shipping lanes were cleared, fishermen had to work in vast areas with drifting mines everywhere.

Major part of the work fell to a voluntary fishermen's service, the Mine Clearance Service, in which officers and men got special rates of pay. In addition, they got £10 for every German mine destroyed and £1 for every British moored mine.

A fisherman blown up for the third time remarked as the trawler's winch, weighing three-quarters of a ton, flew past his head, "This 'ere is a bit thick."

On the Australian scene after the last war 35 mines were washed up on our coast, the last being found at Noosa Heads, Queensland.

To save others

THOUSANDS of lives may be saved in the latter stages of the war with Japan by the fact that a woman doctor was bitten by a disease-infected rat.

She is Major Janet Niven, R.A.M.C., whose home is in Glasgow.

For some time she has been working in Hampstead at the Medical Research Council's headquarters.

While she was there experiments were being made with germs from certain Far Eastern diseases on rats. It was necessary, however, to have a human being as a test, and



"Oh, those—they're really china eggs, but you'd be surprised how they bring customers."

Dr. Niven volunteered. The rat bit her, she was infected with disease, which responded to treatment with the serum prepared, and Dr. Niven is now cured and convalescing at her home.

When asked about it she said, "Believe me the most difficult part of the whole business was getting the rat to bite me."

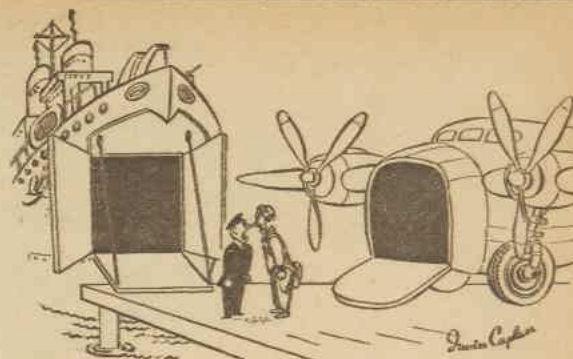
Air brakes

CREW of a Liberator, which included three Australians operating on the Burma front, made a good landing in spite of a shattered wheel and useless hydraulics wrecked by fire from Jap shipping in the Andaman Sea.

The R.A.F. ground staff were astonished to see the aircraft come in with parachutes billowing round it. The crew had anchored their parachutes to the beam guns, throwing them out the windows as soon as the aircraft touched down.

HARBUTT'S
'Plasticine'

—the original and best modelling material



"Who's transporting who?"

Spirit of protest

THE SPIRIT OF PROTEST," drawn by an engine locally known as "Spitting Jenny," has a soft spot in the hearts of Awais in the Northern Territory.

She is the gallant little train which has more than pulled her weight to and from Australia's front door.

She has carried hundreds of the girls on the first stage of their journey "down the track" to the north-south road, and back again.

When Jenny sets off with a rush, some rattles and lurches, the resulting bruises are almost forgiven in view of her excellent war service.

Jenny sets a seal of friendliness on the whole train. At stopping places there is often time for a cup of tea, and if the passengers are not able to light fires to boil their bibles, the crew obliges with boiling water from the engine.

Origin of "Pommy"

CLERK of the House of Assembly in Adelaide, Mr. F. L. Parker has a new explanation of the word "Pommy."

He says it dates from old colonial days, and was originally the letters P.O.M.E. . . . meaning Prisoner of Mother England.

Going through some old New South Wales immigration records he found entries with "P.O.M.E." beside some names. Others had P.S., which stood for Free Settlers.

"P.O.M.E." was "convict" with a soft pedal.

But the title was easy to earn in those days.

One of the entries Mr. Parker noticed gave the case history of a girl sentenced to three years' transportation. She was alleged to have been light-fingered with one of her mistress' hankies.

BOVRIL in war time...



When your grocer says "Sorry, no Bovril," the reason is that wartime conditions have prevented supplies reaching him for some time.

Regular supplies of Bovril are being sent to the troops in all theatres of war and as soon as circumstances permit Bovril will again be available in the shops. If you are fortunate enough to have any Bovril, please make it last as long as possible by using it with the utmost economy.

Bovril is highly concentrated and a very little of it will add a lot of nourishment and flavour to your cooking.

BOVRIL PUTS BEEF INTO YOU

GEE, I LIKE 'EM!

Children like and will take LAXETTES WILLINGLY. Mothers like them, too—and rely upon them because they are gentle and effective—a laxative certain to overcome Faulty Elimination, the cause of much childhood unhappiness.



Packed in tins for your protection.

STANDARD SIZE—1/74.

SMALL SIZE—64.

LAS/7

Correct Faulty Elimination



I find the same quality and freshness in every **CRAVEN "A"**

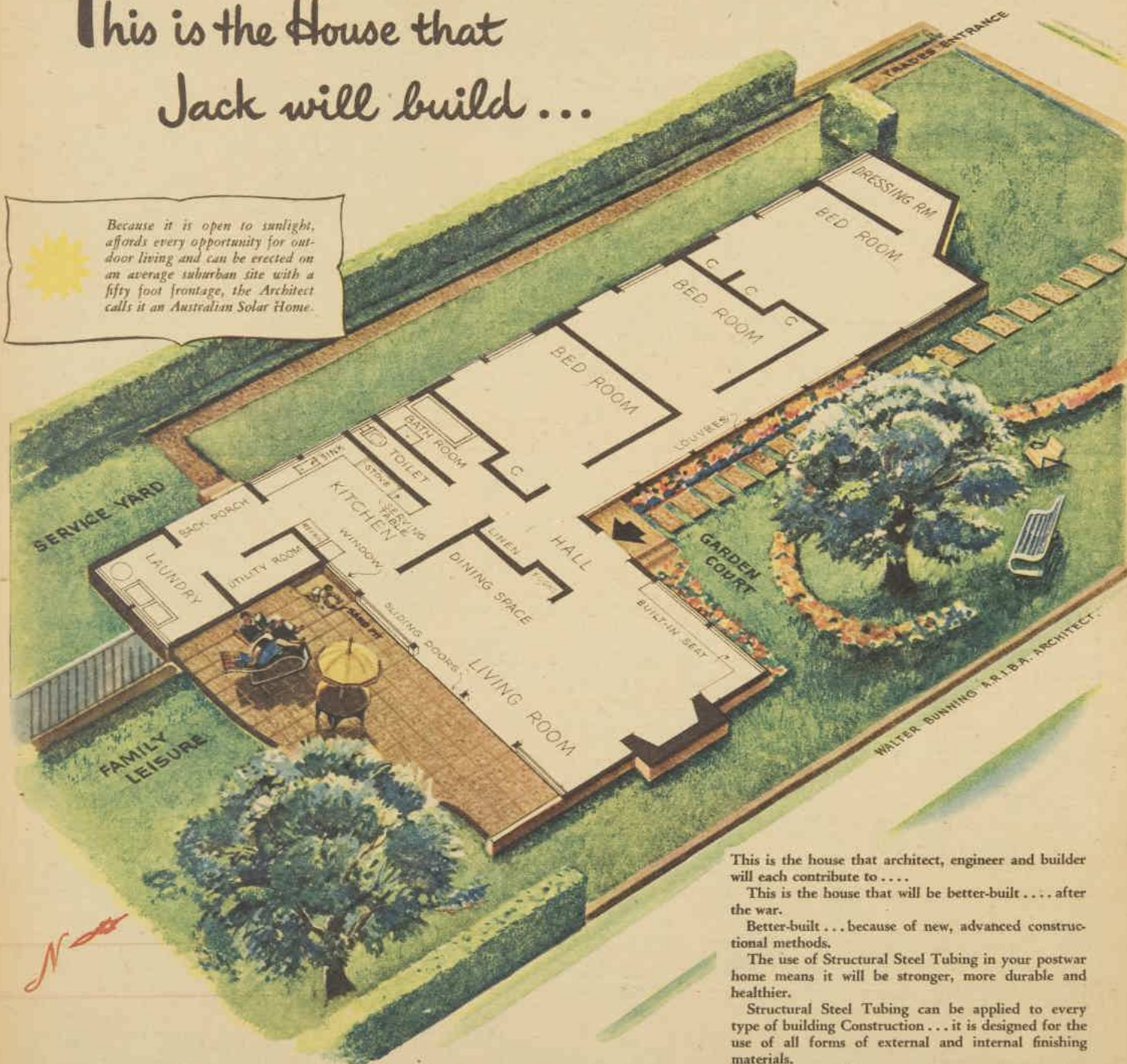
Obtainable in 10's and 20's

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS



This is the House that Jack will build ...

Because it is open to sunlight, affords every opportunity for outdoor living and can be erected on an average suburban site with a fifty foot frontage, the Architect calls it an Australian Solar Home.



WALTER BUNNING A.R.B.A. ARCHITECT

Stewarts and Lloyds
(Aust.) Pty. Ltd.

HOUSING DIVISION—75 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

This is the house that architect, engineer and builder will each contribute to . . .

This is the house that will be better-built . . . after the war.

Better-built . . . because of new, advanced constructional methods.

The use of Structural Steel Tubing in your postwar home means it will be stronger, more durable and healthier.

Structural Steel Tubing can be applied to every type of building Construction . . . it is designed for the use of all forms of external and internal finishing materials.

To-day, our full resources are engaged in speeding Victory. Tomorrow, we will contribute to better building.

We regret it is not possible to answer personal enquiries in the accurate detail necessary to individual home building problems.

Joseph and Rosa Stalin enjoy quiet home life

Live in what was once a gardener's house

Marshal Stalin, Soviet leader, is the only one of the Big Three not constantly a target for his own nation's gossip writers. Details of his domestic life are rarely discussed.

Tough, dynamic, ruthless—that is how the world knows him, but there's another side to him in the quiet of his home, with his young wife and his family. Here a noted Moscow correspondent gives you the little-known background of Stalin's private life:

By E. H. COOKRIDGE
noted Moscow correspondent

SCENE is a gala performance in the sumptuous Bolshoy Theatre in Moscow.

In the glittering centre box sits Marshal Stalin with Mr. Churchill and the American Ambassador.

Soviet statesmen and famous leaders of the Red Army crowd the boxes.

The audience is on its feet cheering wildly.

The lights are slowly dimmed. The gentle lilt of ballet music begins.

Somewhere into a back row slips the tall figure of a slender, black-haired woman in a simple dark dress.

She lifts her eyes to the red-and-gold box draped with Allied flags, where Mr. Churchill sits beside her husband.

Yes, her husband. The woman in the back row is Rosa Stalin, the Marshal's wife.

No Allied statesman has ever met her, she attends no State functions.



UNUSUAL PICTURE of Marshal Stalin carrying his only daughter, Svetlana.

she doesn't take part in any political affairs.

The Russian people hardly know of her existence.

The First Lady of the Soviet, one might expect, would open exhibitions, inspect hospitals, address meetings, attend functions.

Instead, she works many hours daily as a simple office-worker in charge of a small department of the Soviet Red Cross. Rosa was born thirty-two years ago, the daughter of a humble Jewish factory worker in Gomel.

Her brother Lazar, a Communist leader, later had a flat in the Kremlin next to the home of the Stalin family, and Rosa was with him.

First meeting

THERE the Soviet leader, then married to a beautiful, dark-haired woman, saw for the first time the girl who was to be his third wife—a young girl with a mop of jet-black hair and gay, luminous eyes.

If you'd visited Stalin then, this is what you could have seen. His little three-story house in the shadow of one of the mighty Kremlin palaces was once a gardener's house. Three windows on the first floor have neat white curtains of hand-made lace.

Walk up the stairs and you come to a tiny hallway, windowless—dark and furnished with one of those gaily painted chests to be found in so many Russian peasant homes.

In the dining-room there is a green-covered divan, Stalin's favorite piece of furniture.

On this divan have sat Henri Bar-

busse (famous French writer) and George Bernard Shaw, and on it also slept Stalin's eldest son, who, as a colonel of the Red Army, was captured in 1942 by the Germans.

The other three rooms are bedrooms. One is used by Stalin and his wife, the others—when the children were not yet grown up—were used by his daughter Svetlana and son Vassil, who used to share his bedroom with young Artrion Sergeyev, orphaned son of an old comrade whom Stalin adopted.

Thirteen years ago tragedy struck at Stalin's little household.

His wife died of appendicitis at the age of thirty.

Every Russian knew how much he was attached to his young wife and how very happy they were.

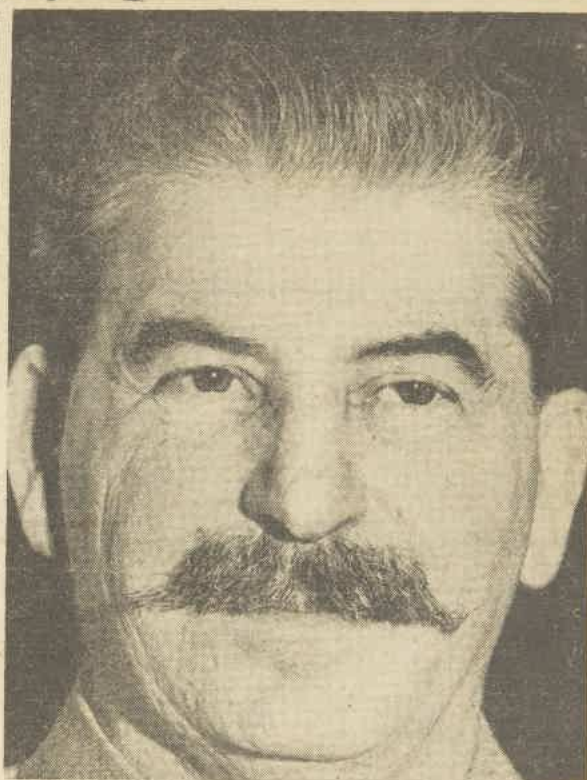
It was a terrible blow to Stalin when she died. For weeks he avoided all public engagements.

Although he was a devoted father, Stalin had little time to spend with his orphaned children.

The eldest was away, but Svetlana was then only seven and Vassil a schoolboy of thirteen. They missed their mother very badly.

Rosa was no stranger in the Stalin home. She and Stalin's wife had been close friends for years. Now when the children needed her she did everything possible to soften the blow of losing their mother.

Stalin probably didn't notice her for months. His work kept him busy all day and half the night—he still



MARSHAL JOSEPH STALIN, leader of the Russian people, and one of the Big Three, who are soon to meet again.

rarely goes to bed before four in the morning and gets up early to tackle another 18-hour day.

Conventional "romance" never entered the lives of Stalin and Rosa.

Married at 20

NOBODY knows when exactly he asked her to marry him. One day, twelve years ago now, they were married. When Rosa married the Soviet leader he was 54, and she not yet 20.

She came like sunshine into the little home. One of the first alterations she made was to insist that Stalin had dinner at home instead of ordering a meal from the Krem-

lin canteen, which he gulped down from a tray at the edge of his desk.

At these short meal-breaks Stalin can joke and chat with his children.

Rosa never bothered herself with politics. She became a party member when a young student, but was never active. To-day she has no political influence whatsoever.

She's given her youth gladly and proudly to the welfare of the beloved leader of the nation and to his children, to whom she has become both mother and friend.

Even men who hated Stalin with political hate never attacked his private life.

In the years before the war, when thrilling stories were told, about many Soviet leaders, their alleged weaknesses for the bottle and the fleshpots, scandals, and love affairs, not one of these stories ever mentioned Stalin. There were never excesses in his life.

An American journalist once asked Stalin about his wife and children.

He was laughed at. "Why should my wife or my children be of any importance in the world?" Stalin asked him.

Gossip writers have left him severely alone. He's not the sort of man to provide bits of tit-bit about his home life.

He and Rosa live simply, almost austere. She knows his habits, and keeps his home as a place wherein he can rest from the cares and bustle of his military and Government headquarters.

Stalin to-day is a heavy smoker, both of a pipe and of "papyross," the Russian cigarette.

He drinks moderately, vodka only at banquets and on State occasions. At home he likes the sweet Caucasian wine of his native soil.

He's a hearty eater, but fortunately for his wife he isn't finicky. Though Madame Stalin doesn't hobnob with foreign statesmen, she plays an important, if unobtrusive, part in the Kremlin.

Lloyd George, when Prime Minister during the last war, had thirty-two private secretaries. Stalin has only one, Comrade Proskriobshiev. Any dictation he wishes to give at home or during the night is taken by his wife in shorthand and handed in the morning to his secretary.

For the rest, she plays her favorite role—Stalin's unknown wife.

Queen Mary's return delights people of London

Radioed by ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

For Londoners the homecoming of Queen Mary, after six years of living in the country, was just one more happy sign that peace has come.

BACK in the metropolis, as dignified as ever, wearing her familiar hat and carrying a parasol, she is a reminder to all that the tradition of British life hasn't been destroyed.

Queen Mary hasn't returned from the active life she led in the country to relax after the strain of war.

I visited Marlborough House to-day to find the Queen Mother immersed in the routine of Royalty.

Queen Mary, like every other Londoner, returned to her bomb-damaged home to take up residence in what little space was left habitable.

As she supervised the unpacking of her very personal possessions, she mapped out a programme for herself that'll keep her as busy in the days of peace as war work kept her in days of her evacuation.

She was up early and at her desk in the sitting-room going through the day's mail by 9.30 a.m.

The open-air existence at the Duchess of Beaufort's home in Bad-

minton has increased Queen Mary's vitality. Close friends say she looks and feels ten years younger, and I thought her as alert, erect, and fresh-complexioned as in the year of the jubilee.

Through the war years, Queen Mary's talent for friendship developed a wide circle of friends among war workers, servicemen, evacuees.

She visited over a hundred munitions factories, saw clothes made for the Forces and food grown for Britain's larder, gave lifts to soldiers and servicemen she met on the road, and grew to know all the evacuees in her district by name.

Back in Clivvy Street, Queen Mary intends to meet these people again in their homes and more familiar surroundings.

The Queen's first visitor was General Eisenhower. At Marlborough House I found a bustle of activity getting the private suite ready for his reception.

The only rooms undamaged by bombs are the Queen's. Elsewhere there are patched ceilings, boarded

windows, sagging floors, and dust-sheets over the furniture.

The Queen refused to have any repair work carried out till labor and materials are more freely available.

Queen Mary, whose domestic background has mirrored all that is best in home and family life, is looking forward to enjoying the English stage again.

Most of us remember the Queen sitting in a box, laughing at George Robey's jokes, wearing her lovely emeralds, and afterwards stepping behind the stage to meet its personalities.

The Queen hasn't seen a theatre for nearly six years.

Queen Mary always loved an afternoon's shopping, and I'm told by one of her Women of the Bedchamber that she has a long list made out of all the little things living in the country has denied her.

A pearly king (coster) and his wife wrote and asked Queen Mary to their party for children of the bombed area of Battersea, and her visit there will start off a heavy programme she's set herself to carry out.

Maternity homes and soldiers' and sailors' welfare associations. Ais, Wafts, Wrens, and ambulance drivers will all be receiving visits again from Queen Mary, who has returned to be a pillar of strength and comfort in the peace we are shaping to our own fashion.



QUEEN MARY, back in London after six years of living in the country.

Editorial

JUNE 30, 1945

CONTROL OF RENTS

THE Commonwealth Government has taken much-needed action in revising tenancy regulations and appointing a rent controller.

The housing shortage throughout Australia has not only proved one of the greatest of wartime hardships for civilians, but has also provided a wonderful field for profiteering.

New regulations provide protection for both parties — for the tenant from a grasping landlord and for the landlord from destructive or unpleasant tenants.

Appeals to fair rents courts have always been possible, but the desperate plight of homeless families or roomless business girls has often made such victims unwilling to complain.

A roof is the human's first need, and it is no exaggeration to say that the high cost of this necessity has meant a tightening of belts for many people in the community.

Among these sufferers are many business girls. Though their wages may be somewhat higher than in peacetime, these still lag behind the rising cost of living.

So girls who do not live within their family circle are often reduced to something of a tea-and-toast diet to keep the landlord paid.

Mothers of young families must often find that the paying of high rent enforces reduced expenditure on fruit and vegetables.

Under the new system the rent controller or his deputy in the various States can take action without any complaint from tenant or landlord.

There will undoubtedly be plenty of work for him to do.

Some new gadgets and a fabric

SOME useful articles recently approved by the Commonwealth Patent Office in Canberra:

● A tray with a removable rail. U-shaped clips engage the rail and the underneath edge of the tray. Thus it is possible to convert a removable glass top for a traymobile into a carrying tray.

● A lounge chair attachment of a table in the form of a hollow box. It is pivoted to one arm, can be clipped to the other. Oddments can be kept inside the "table."

● A new braided fabric. Strands of woollen yarn are laid closely together on a backing sheet and secured by close stitching. The exposed surface is then teased to raise a nap which hides the stitches. Material can be made up into anything from dress lengths to floor rugs, depending on the type of yarn.

A rose by any other name

ASTUTE women shoppers know that acetone will remove nail lacquer. Chemists sell acetone.

Those not so astute who try to buy "Nail Polish Remover" are politely told that it is not obtainable.

We asked an official of the Department of War Organisation of Industry to explain this odd situation. He said:

"The manufacture of acetone is permitted because it has many chemical uses. It is used in the extraction of fats from plant seeds, and in the manufacture of celluloid and synthetic resins.

"The fact that it also happens to remove nail polish is incidental.

"The sale of nail-polish remover, labelled as such, is prohibited," he added.

Women, he pointed out, should not need polish-remover, anyhow, because they shouldn't be using nail lacquer, the manufacture of which was banned as a luxury in 1942.

Girls study science of nutrition

TWELVE girl students are attending the School of Nutrition now in progress at the Institute of Anatomy, Canberra.

Two of them will probably be chosen to take posts as nutritionists attached to Departments of Health in two States.

The eight months' course, which began in February, is divided in two parts.

For the first six months the students are instructed in the principles of nutrition, its relation to public health, agriculture, and to specialised groups such as children.

They study also applied psychology and production and marketing of food.

In the last two months they will conduct a field survey into food consumption in Australian homes.

Dr. F. W. Clements, director of the Institute of Anatomy, visited schools of nutrition in England and America, particularly that at Harvard University.

All the best points of those he saw have been incorporated in the Canberra School.

Students for the course must be graduates in science, dietetics, or have qualifications considered equivalent.

THE BRIGHTER FUTURE

A FROZEN "dinner on a dish" will be available to the public after the war, states a message from our New York office.

It is a complete meal on a disposable fibre plate and comes ready to pop into the oven.

Each item is partially cooked beforehand, so the entire course is ready to eat after 20 minutes in the stove.

Frozen meals of this kind are at present supplied to trans-ocean fliers.

Sample menus: Steak, potatoes, peas; veal cutlet, spinach, sweet potatoes.

Growers of chicory settled a score

WHEN 100 tons of chicory was exported to U.S. recently, Australian growers got a lot of personal satisfaction, as well as £70 a ton.

Growers believed U.S. servicemen converted Australians to pure coffee, lessening local demand for chicory.

A crop failure in U.S. helped square the ledger.

Barrackers for chicory insist it adds pliancy to coffee. They have high hopes of building up an export trade.

Crops are grown on the south-east coast of Victoria and in the south-east of South Australia.

A native of Yorkshire, the plant flourishes in dry, chalky coastal soil.

Roots are topped, washed, sliced thinly, dried in special kilns, then roasted and ground.

In Europe chicory was widely cultivated before the war. Roots and leaves were used also for stock fodder and for salads.

Classes for women in the country

REGULAR leadership classes, lectures and debates for women in small country towns and outlying farms are planned by the new Education Extension Service of the N.S.W. Department of Agriculture.

"Ex-servicewomen returning to civilian jobs in country districts may find life uninteresting after the comradeship and contacts of Service life," said Miss Lorna Byrne, organizer of the women's section of the Agricultural Bureau.

"Through these classes we hope to give these young women a continuance of the interest in current affairs they developed while in the Services."

Organisation of these classes will be a job for one of the three women officers who are now being chosen for the Education Extension Service.

The others will deal with Home Science subjects, including diet, food values, cookery, home decoration, first-aid, and home-nursing.

This service for country people is similar to those already in existence in Canada and U.S.A.

YOUR COUPONS

● Coupons now available are:
TEA: 1 to 4 available until August 30. 5 to 8 will become available on July 2.
SUGAR: 1 and 2 (renovative).
BUTTER: 1 to 2 (all July 15).
MEAT: 1 to 2 available till July 1.
CLOTHING: 107-112 (old card), 11-26 (new issue).

Shipments of knives arriving

GOOD news from the Department of Supply and Shipping is that substantial shipments of stainless steel knives will arrive shortly.

Supplies of cutlery and knives have been small during the war, but Australian manufacturers are now producing two-thirds of normal requirements of forks and spoons which are made of nickel-silver.

Although local manufacturers have turned out thousands of trade knives and machetes (jungle knives) for the Services, they have not yet made a satisfactory stainless steel table knife.

Air-cooling system for homes

THE development of an evaporative air-cooling system will mean cheap post-war air-conditioning in Australian homes.

Refrigeration experts claim that a machine can be installed for less than £100, and will air-condition one or two large rooms in a house.

In country houses and farms where there is not electric power to drive the machine, it can be run by a one-horse-power petrol engine.

This system, which has been used during the war in some tropical areas, uses the same principle of evaporation as that which cools a canvas waterbag swinging in the wind on a shady verandah.

Interesting People

MR. W. BUNNING

town-planning adviser.

THIRTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD

Sydney architect and town-planning specialist, Mr. Walter Bunning, has been appointed chairman of recently formed New South Wales Town and Country Planning Advisory Committee.

First Government town-planning body set up in N.S.W., committee's main responsibility will be to encourage councils throughout the State to plan future development in their districts. Will also act in advisory capacity to the Minister in housing and industrial development problems. Mr. Bunning won N.S.W. Board of Architects' Travelling Scholarship in 1937, and studied in Britain, Europe, and U.S.A. In 1943 was appointed executive officer to Commonwealth Housing Commission.



MISS E. SCHWARZTRAUER

... commercial reports

FIRST woman economic analyst appointed by United States Government to an overseas post.

Miss Evelyn Schwarztrauer is visiting Australia on an industrial mission for Commerce Department in Washington. Visits industrial centres to obtain statistics, makes reports on commercial activities, and finds out about possible new markets for U.S. goods. Has been doing similar work in America, investigating and reporting for Government publications. Is attached to temporary auxiliary foreign service of U.S.A. State Department. Is Master of Arts in languages, Illinois University.

Miss Evelyn Schwarztrauer is visiting Australia on an industrial mission for Commerce Department in Washington. Visits industrial centres to obtain statistics, makes reports on commercial activities, and finds out about possible new markets for U.S. goods. Has been doing similar work in America, investigating and reporting for Government publications. Is attached to temporary auxiliary foreign service of U.S.A. State Department. Is Master of Arts in languages, Illinois University.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

How far UNCIO has taken us towards peace

This article explains simply what has happened at Conference

By S. H. DEAMER

The main work of the San Francisco Conference is completed. What problems did the conference tackle? What did it achieve? And what do those achievements mean to the world?

Known as UNCIO—a contraction for United Nations' Conference for International Organisation—the conference commenced on April 25.

ITS goal was the achievement of permanent peace in the world. Its immediate purpose was to create an international organisation which would make that ambition possible.

Since the dawn of recorded history some men and women, somewhere, have nursed that ideal. They have tried again and again to prevent war.

So far all the devices have failed. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the UNCIO Conference should have faced difficulties of great intricacy and should have been prolonged.

The groundwork for the conference was done at Yalta, in Russia, last February, when Mr. Churchill, President Roosevelt, and Marshal Stalin, during an eight-day meeting, emphatically affirmed their desire to establish some form of collective security against war.

As the framework they took the recommendations of a conference held from August 21 to October 7 last year at Dumbarton Oaks, Washington, Federal Capital of U.S.A.

World meeting

FROM these deliberations came this plan of organisation for world peace, contentment, and prosperity:

(1) A General Assembly. Every approved, peace-loving nation in the world should be entitled to sit in this Assembly. It would be a sort of World Meeting—not a World Parliament, because it would not have power to say how each country should be governed. It would meet once a year or at special occasions demanded.

(2) A Security Council. This Council would function continuously, and its main job would be to prevent disputes or prevent any dispute which had arisen leading to war, and it would have the power to use a fighting force to enforce its decisions if necessary. Eleven nations would be represented. The Big Five—Britain, U.S.A., Russia, China, and France—would have permanent seats. Nations would be elected to the other six seats for periods of two years. It was over the powers of this Council that the famous Veto question—dealt with later in this article—arose.

(3) A World Court of Justice.

(4) A Secretariat for doing the chores.

(5) An Economic and Social Council, which, in the main, would deal with humanitarian, social, and economic problems.

(6) A Military Staff Committee composed of the Chiefs of Staff of the Big Five, other States to take part when necessary.

It was these proposals which came before the UNCIO Conference at San Francisco at which 49 nations were represented. The job of the conference was to add, subtract,

amend these proposals as it thought desirable, and to hammer out a charter—define the powers and methods—of what, in effect, will be a new League of Nations.

This time the League will be given power of enforcement which the old League did not have.

Well, of course, it has not proved easy going. And reading bits of the debates, day by day, it seemed as if nobody would agree upon anything.

It was all very difficult to follow—so many committees, so many different points of view.

But, so far from proving hopeless, it has done a magnificent job and has given us the best chance we have yet had of banishing war from the world.

The greatest point of difference arose over what has become known as the Veto question. Here is what it is all about:

When Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin met at Yalta they fixed on a plan which gave any one member of the Big Five—Britain, U.S., Russia, China, and France—power to prevent economic or military force being applied to a dispute; power to prevent measures being taken to prevent a dispute; and power to prevent any changes being made in the Constitution of the new League.

This meant that nothing could be done on these matters by the Security Council if one of the Big Five objected.

Smaller States, particularly Australia and New Zealand, attempted to have this altered. They wanted the Council to have power to attempt a peaceful settlement even if one of the Big Five did object.

They pointed out that under the Yalta agreement—the right of veto—France could have prevented any attempt by the Council to make a peaceful settlement of the flare-up in Syria.

The contention of the Big Five, particularly Russia, was that unless it was backed by the threat of force, any attempt at peaceful settlement would not be likely to succeed, and that if force became necessary the Big Five would bear the main burden and should, therefore, have the final say.

Regional pacts

AFTER threshing out the matter for fifty-two days the conference decided in favor of the Yalta formula.

The formula does not, however, definitely become part of the UNCIO charter until the final meeting of the conference.

Among the many other contentious points were what is known as Trustee Territories and Regional Pacts.

The Yalta formula was that the only Colonial Territories which could be placed under trusteeship should be those voluntarily so placed by the administering State.

This meant, for example, that New Guinea could not be removed from the administration of Australia

CONFERENCE SIDELIGHTS



ARABIAN DELEGATE, Shaikh Hafiz Wahba, looks at evening gown at fashion show held specially for conference. Evening gown is made of new synthetic satin, similar to fabric used for armed forces in products requiring durability and minimum weight.

and placed under trustee control unless Australia, of her own free will, agreed.

Australia wanted this changed so that if, in the opinion of the Trustee Committee, which is to be set up in the new League, colonial territory should be transferred to trustee care, the committee could recommend this action to the World Assembly which could arrange the transfer if it approved.

The question of Regional Pacts is best illustrated by this example:

Australia and New Zealand have a pact by which they agree, among other things, to help defend each other. There are many other such pacts in existence. The question was whether they should continue after the charter of the new League was completed.

Greater powers

THE exact decisions on these matters will not be clear until the full charter of the new League is announced, but the framework of that charter remains as prepared at Dumbarton Oaks and outlined earlier in this article.

The important question is: What chance has this new League of Nations of succeeding where the old League failed? And what is the vital difference between the two bodies?

There are very many differences, but the most important one is this: The Security Council will have greater powers for enforcing its views than did the old League. States who are members of the new League undertake to make available forces, facilities, and assistance for maintaining peace, and to hold immediately available national air force contingents to carry out urgent military measures internationally.

Will it work?

This depends upon the goodwill of the Big Five. All of them have expressed the opinion that war must be prevented if civilisation is to survive, and that the establishment of a peace organisation such as the new League is the only way war can be prevented.

What is an essential of success?

The answer is good, healthy daylight upon international happenings.



DELEGATES of three nations Dean Virginia Gildersleeve (U.S.), Mr. F. M. Forde (Australia), and Brig.-Gen. Carlos P. Romulo (Philippines), meet Pte. Herman Pfeiffer, who lost both legs in the European war.

INDIAN VISITORS talking over lunch. Mrs. Pandit, sister of Indian Nationalist leader, Pandit Nehru and an Indian Pressman, Shiva Rao.



AT TEA PARTY given by women of San Francisco. L. to r.: Mrs. Godfrey Fisher, wife of British Consul in San Francisco; Mrs. Harold E. Stassen, wife of U.S. delegate; and Lady Halifax, wife of the British Ambassador to U.S.A.

War can only be plotted in the dark by those who are pretending to be doing something else. This new League gives the world a chance to see what is taking place.

How?

Chiefly by good, honest reporting from all over the world. That is why the proposed conference in Australia of the editors of the world's newspapers is so important. The object is to get a free Press everywhere so that nothing can be hidden from the people, and to get that freedom incorporated in the charter of the new League.

Is the constitution of the new League an ideal one for its purpose?

No. Far from it. But it is a beginning of tremendous importance and possibilities. As time goes on it can be liberalised, made more flexible, more able to anticipate disputes and prevent them.

For years nation has been shut off from nation. Each has been suspicious of the other. Some have been preparing for aggression; others have been forced to prepare for defence.

The money, energy, and skill which might have gone into making this a better world in which to live have been devoted to means of killing and maiming the people of the world.

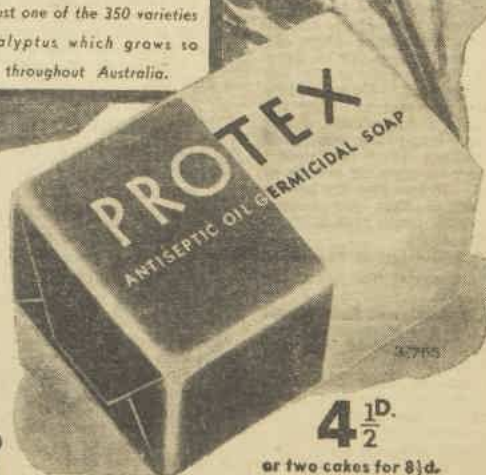
The object of the new League is to make this impossible ever again. It can only work if enough people in the world—ordinary everyday citizens—are determined that it shall work and consistently make their determination known to those who govern them.



TRULY AUSTRALIAN

The sun-tanned vigour of Australian youngsters is a characteristic fostered by the national love of outdoor life. People respond to the call of the surf on sunswept beaches and to the scent of the grey-green bushlands that are truly Australian. For the same reason they like the clean refreshing fragrance of Protex soap, which lathers so freely and cleanses so thoroughly. Protex contains a mild, effective antiseptic which guards against infection yet is safe for even the most sensitive skin. That is why Protex has become the favourite antiseptic soap with Australian fighting men and with their families at home.

*The Australian Flowering Gum
farewells Summer with a honey-
laden blaze of brilliant flowers
massed against green tree-tops.
This is just one of the 350 varieties
of Eucalyptus which grows so
lavishly throughout Australia.*



DID YOU PROTEX YOURSELF THIS MORNING?

4¹⁰/₂
or two cakes for 8¹⁰/₂d.

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

CANCERIANS, Scorpions, Pisceans, and many Virgoans and Taurians are most likely to benefit from the stars this week.

Those who must be cautious include Capricornians, Arians, and Librans.

There is much good fortune possible for those the planets favor—but many difficulties and worries to be overcome by those they do not favor.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological diary for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Love cautiously just now. Delays, unwanted changes, discuss possible—especially on June 28, 27, 28, and July 1 and 2.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): June 26 (noon to 4 p.m.) and June 27 (to 3 p.m.), June 29 (to 3 a.m. and after dusk) quite fair, July 1 (to 3 a.m. and after 3 p.m.) helpful.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Take things more quietly now, yet consolidate recent gains if possible. June 28 (morning), June 29 (to sunrise), and July 2 (to noon) all mildly helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 22): Good weeks ahead, so use them wisely in your search for happiness and success. June 26 and 27, and July 2 and 3 need care, but June 28 (forenoon), June 30 (except 8 a.m. to 10 a.m.) and July 2 very good. July 1 poor (from 8 a.m. to 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. to 8 p.m.), but otherwise excellent. Use fully.

LEO (July 22 to August 24): Routine days for the most part, yet July 2 (to 3 p.m.) and July 3 (from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m.) good.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Somewhat better times now, so pursue semi-important projects. June 28 (afternoon only) and June 29 (to 3 a.m. only), quite helpful. June 30 and July 1 poor.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Beware pitfalls of all kinds now. Avoid changes, discord, obstruction, worry—especially on June 28, 27, 28, 29 (afternoon), and July 2 and 3. Routine work strongly advised.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): speed up your opportunities and activities along desired channels. Best gains, promotions, changes. June 28 (afternoon) and June 29 (to forenoon only) can be good. June 30 and 29 poor. June 30 excellent (except in forenoon). July 1 (after 3 p.m.) excellent. Forenoon and dusk poor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 22 to December 22): June 28 and July 1 can be mildly difficult. July 2 (forenoon), and July 3 (from 11 a.m. to 3 p.m.) fair.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Be on guard. Losses, partings, opposition, disappointments, adverse changes, arguments all possible now. Be patient and wise. Especially on June 28, 27, 28, July 1, 2, and 3 difficult.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Unfavorable days for most Aquarians, yet June 28 (forenoon), July 1 (to 8 a.m.), July 2 (to noon), and July 3 (11 a.m. to 2 p.m.) all fair.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be confident, energetic, seek desired goals, changes, promotions, gains now. June 28 (afternoon only), June 29 (to forenoon), June 30 (forenoon), June 30 (after 10 a.m.), July 1 (after dusk), July 2 (to noon) all very good.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

What every typist knows

FROM Ohio comes some staggering news—

We welcome an overseas scientist's views.

He vouches that typists use more strength per day

Than navvies expend digging ditches in clay.

The energy needed to strike rows of keys

Would bring any average man to his knees.

But girls, never knowing the feats they achieve,

Remain fresh and calm all the day till they leave.

But now that they know, will their high speed abate?

Will this knowledge some mass form of panic create?

Will self-pity urge them to slacken their pace?

And will the time come when a Man fills their place?

—DOROTHEA DOWLING.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, and **PRINCESS NARDA:** Were lured to Kord Key, Isle of walking dead (Kordies) by **BARON KORD:** Whom Narda agrees to wed if he frees Mandrake. **TRINA:** Kord's sister, befriends the captives.

Mandrake and Lothar pretend Kord has succeeded in making them Kordies, and Mandrake discovers that Kord works the change by giving men a liquid to drink. It is Narda's wedding night, but she hopes for rescue. Meanwhile Mandrake follows Kord round.

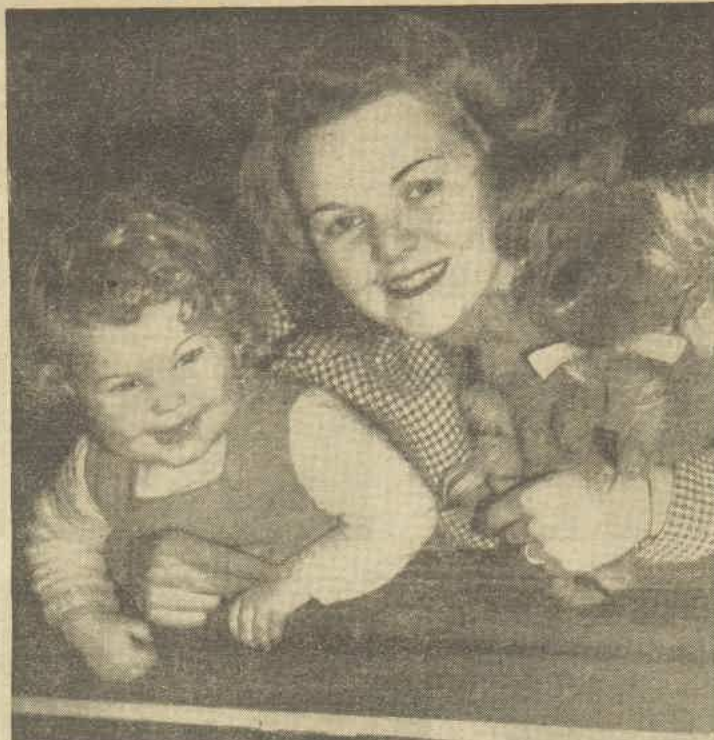


TO BE CONTINUED

Tender farewells speed brides, babies to U.S.



BUSY PORTER takes care of a baby, bound for U.S.A., who didn't seem pleased with the opportunity for travel. The "brides' train" carried 279 wives and 85 babies.



OFF TO BUFFALO. Mrs. Paul R. Seymour, of East St. Kilda, Victoria, and her twin daughters Sylvia and Sharon.

Red Cross cares for travellers on long train trips to ship

By BETTY DAWSON

There were emotional scenes on a Sydney railway platform, when nearly 400 brides and babies of American servicemen left on their journey to America which ended at San Francisco last week.

There were fainting mothers. Fathers, brothers and sisters were weeping unrestrainedly while they clung to the departing member of the family. Everybody seemed to be hugging some baby, who had been the centre of attraction in the home circle since its arrival. Its departure, you could see, would leave a gap.

AT Central station, where brides from the south set out on the second stage of the journey and a further batch joined the train, the platform swarmed with hundreds of people — relatives, on-lookers, and well-wishers.

One bride leaned from the carriage window clutching a tin of Australian soil.

Another waved a five-shilling Australian flag she had bought on the way to the station.

A youthful, fair-haired U.S. Navy boy seeing his wife off was crying bitterly.

One young wife in a more perky frame of mind was busy telling a group that she was going to try to arrange for all the other wives to meet or contact each other on Anzac Day.

A dear old man was seeing off his great-niece from Melbourne. He had been down at the train bright and early in the morning and had proudly swept her and the baby off on a round of sightseeing and lunch.

This was the first big train of brides since April, 1944.

The Red Cross were on duty early and were waiting when the express steamed in from Melbourne.

There were tumbled sleeping-berths, tired and whimpering babies, grips bulging with feeding-bottles, woolies, and toys.

Chatting to the girls standing round in groups on the platform I found they were glad to be on the way. Some of them had had their travelling visas since August, 1944.

Correspondence from their in-laws all contained a warm and welcoming note. One bride said she felt

HAPPY TRAVELLERS bound for Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, are Mrs. Homer Kraher, of Melbourne, and 15-months-old daughter Penny.

sure she would almost be able to find her way blindfolded round her new home, so descriptive were the letters and snaps she had received.

There was a reunion for Mrs. Paul R. Seymour, who was greeted by her brother, AC1 Tom Jones, R.A.A.F., stationed in Sydney, who helped her cope with five-months-old twin daughters Sylvia and Sharon.

Mrs. Hill Hayes and 10-months-old baby son Billy had flown from Perth to Melbourne, where they joined the train.

"I am one of the luckiest," she said. "My husband is meeting us at Brisbane and we hope to travel together."

Breakfast was arranged in the railway dining-room.

Cheerful and capable V.A.s got busy with the babies, mixing food for the bottles and buttering toast for the toddlers. Spirits revived and it was a happy, laughing band who boarded the bus in front of the station.

Brides and babies proceeded to the Travellers' Aid Society, where everything was thoughtfully managed.

Another scramble for babies and bags and up two flights of stairs. We all lent a hand.

With plump and dimpled Penny Kraher under one arm and somebody's grip in the other I was not surprised when the efficient organiser instructed me to step into the room on the left and prepare my child for the bath.

All steps led to the bathroom, where the babies were plunged into the steaming water. Little tired faces were soon pink and rosy. There were fights for the soap and sops with the face-washers and a strong aroma of baby powder.

Count the noses

THREE Red Cross hospital visitors from Victoria—Mesdames John Holland, Colin Mayes, and Charles Learmonth—looked after the mothers and babies from Melbourne to Brisbane.

"It was a case of count the noses all the way," said Mrs. Holland, who was in charge of the contingent.

At every stopping-place when the mothers got out of the train the Red Cross women checked them back into the train from their lists.

"The girls were wonderful all through," added Mrs. Holland. "They were fine types of Australians and had lovely babies."

"But a thousand miles train trip with nearly one hundred babies was



INTERLUDE at Travellers' Aid Society, in Sydney, when five of the babies are bathed before continuing their journey north.

not all fun and games for them, and they were naturally sad at leaving their relatives and their homeland.

"Although they had their chins up and were ready for their adventure, the parting was a wrench for them."

"I went round with a big jug of sal volatile to calm the girls who felt upset."

Each mother had only one suitcase for herself and child, so the Red Cross took extra comforts aboard.

"We had napkins and safety-pins, face-towels, washers, baby soap, powder, woollen rugs, and cushions, and of course first-aid kits," Mrs. Holland said.

"There was also a store of milk arrowroot biscuits and oranges, baby food, and powdered milk."

"For the first part of the journey a special stewardess was made available by the railways to prepare bottles for the babies."

Mrs. Holland set off from Melbourne in the first division with seventy-eight wives and six babies.

Mrs. Mayes and Mrs. Learmonth came in the second division with thirty mothers and thirty-two babies, including two sets of twins.

Departures from Sydney increased the party to a total of 279 wives and 85 babies.

When mothers left the train at stopping-places the Red Cross women minded the babies and servicemen travelling from Melbourne to Sydney were very interested in



RED CROSS VISITOR Mrs. C. Mayes tucks a rag round a young traveller on his mother's lap.

the youngsters and took their turn as nursemaids.

Fresh milk was taken on at Newcastle and Casino, as well as eggs for the older children.

Only one baby was ill — a small mite who had had pneumonia and was being treated with M. and B.

A doctor was called in at Casino, but he pronounced the baby well enough to continue the journey.

During the journey the girls collected £35 as a donation to the Red Cross.



SMALL BOY TRAVELLING with his mother is offered an orange by Red Cross hospital visitor, Mrs. Charles Learmonth.



DUKE OF GLOUCESTER'S Avro York aircraft Endeavour. Comfortably fitted up, plane will enable His Royal Highness to visit every part of Australia. Smaller plane is British Proctor, also for Duke's use.

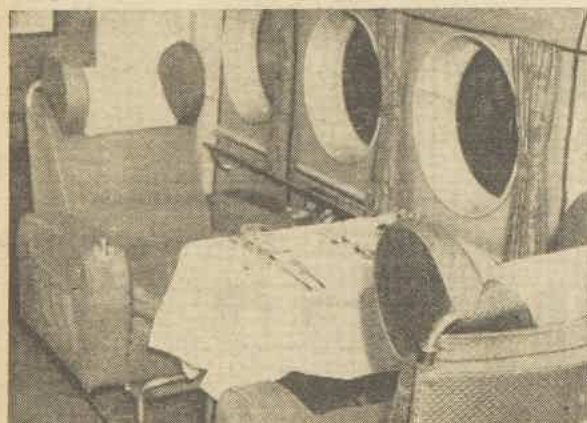
The Duke of Gloucester's Aircraft



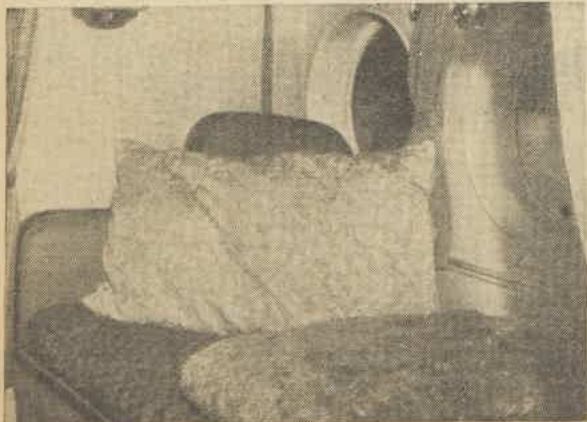
CREWS of two planes. Left to right: W/Cdr. Donaldson, F/Lt. Anderson, F/Lt. Meredith, F/Os. Earl, Miller, Welldon, F/Sgt. Pritchard, Sgt. Upton, Cpls. Mullens and Hoaston.



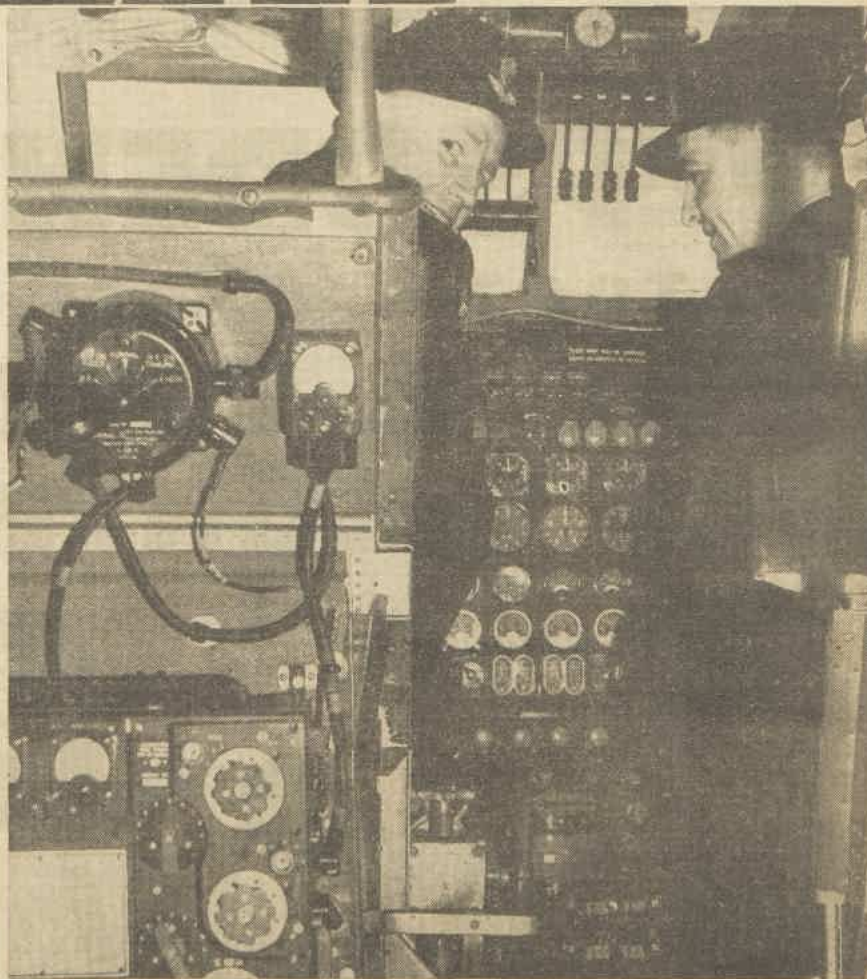
SECTION of simply furnished two-berth cabin for use during night travel



BRICK-RED TONINGS predominate in main cabin with its comfortable adjustable lounge-chairs and dining tables.



ATTRACTIVELY FURNISHED Royal rest room. Off this is a neat kitchenette with electric stove and refrigerator.



CAPTAIN OF ENDEAVOUR, W/Cdr. D. R. Donaldson (left), and F/O. K. Miller. Named after Captain Cook's ship, plane's speed is 230 m.p.h., has already flown Duke 32,000 miles.

it's the truth!



PEPSODENT'S unexcelled cleaning and polishing ingredients quickly and positively impart a gleaming sparkle to teeth—regular use maintains this new brilliance.

PEPSODENT, with Irium, rapidly, safely, gently removes film which can otherwise destroy the natural lustre of good teeth.

There's a new thrill in store when you start using PEPSODENT for it really cleans teeth. Your bathroom mirror and the extra cheery brightness of your smile will prove it to you. Try it!

PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE MAKES TEETH FAR BRIGHTER



For the safety of your smile use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

You CAN have a new smile!



A smile that's marred by chipped or broken teeth need not be a permanent handicap. Today, modern dentistry can do much to make that smile attractive. For, like the movie stars, you can have chipped or broken teeth recapped. Even crooked, misplaced teeth can be straightened by a series of corrective treatments. Your dentist

will tell you what needs to be done and how quickly you can expect results. Yes, it's the truth—your dentist can help you have sound, good-looking teeth, but it's up to you to keep them clean and bright!

Children's teeth DO tell tales on parents!

This girl, for example, had a protruding lower jaw, teeth with incorrect bite. She was developing an undershot profile, becoming shy and self-conscious about her looks. Because her parents consulted a dentist early, it was fairly easy, with modern dental treatments to correct her trouble, bring her teeth and jaw back into normal position and improve her looks.



Yes, it's the truth—a child's teeth do show the parents' care. Watch your child's teeth particularly when she is growing, when features are forming. Serious later trouble can be avoided by taking a child to the dentist early and regularly. And start your child early in the habit of careful daily brushing.

Teeth CAN get "lost" in the MOUTH!



Watch with care when your child's permanent teeth begin to appear. If teeth come in crooked, crowded, far out of line, your child's future health, looks and personality may be impaired. Put your child under a dentist's care at this critical age. For example, in the child's mouth above, the dentist's X-rays found a "lost" permanent tooth that would have caused serious complications. Because it was discovered in time, the dentist was able to bring the tooth down into proper position with a minimum number of treatments.

Parents CAN help a child "keep his chin up"!

A receding chin is not always inherited. Often the "weak" chin that detracts from a child's appearance and poise can be corrected by proper dental care when young. For example, the boy at right developed an abnormal "bite" when his first permanent molars came in. This habit forced his teeth out of line, interfered with normal jaw development.



Fortunately, his parents took him to the dentist for treatments early enough to correct the cause of the trouble and improve his looks.

Parents, it's the truth—the care you give a child's teeth can influence his entire life. Neglect may breed trouble that cannot be undone. Don't put off your child's visits to the dentist. And insist on careful daily brushing to keep his teeth clean and bright.



MISS EVELYN GARDINER as Lady Blanche in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Princess Ida."

G. & S. star writes for radio

Continuity for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas broadcast from 2GB every Wednesday at 9 p.m. is written by Evelyn Gardiner.

MISS GARDINER, well-known contralto, has sung in Gilbert and Sullivan in every English-speaking country, and has travelled 1,200,000 miles.

She was trained by the late J. M. Gordon, who was with Sir William Gilbert in the original London productions, and she was rehearsed by Rupert D'Oyly Carte, son of Richard D'Oyly Carte, who brought Gilbert and Sullivan together.

Having learned the tradition of the operas as a member of the chorus, she opened as contralto lead in Australia in 1931. She has had three Australian seasons, three New Zealand tours, and a tour of South Africa.

In 1936 Mr. D'Oyly Carte cabled Miss Gardiner to proceed to New York to open with his London company at the Martin Dock Theatre.

With this company she made two American tours and was finishing her third London season when war broke out in 1939.

Subsequently she returned to Australia, and recently completed a four-year tour of this country.

In her travels round the world she has lectured on Gilbert and Sullivan in New York and other cities, and her thorough knowledge of her subject makes her well-equipped to write the scripts for 2GB.

A versatile artist, she is now rehearsing for a straight role in which she will be seen in Sydney.

She has been a voluntary speaker in nine War Loans and was among the first women lecturers for Army Education, lecturing on drama to soldiers in every State.

All her war work has been entirely honorary.

The Gilbert and Sullivan broadcasts are compiled by Keith Eadie.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, June 27: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, June 28 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Quiz."
FRIDAY, June 29: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in "Gems of Melody."
SATURDAY, June 30: Goodie Reeve presents R & D's competitions, "Melody Four-somes."
SUNDAY, July 1 (4.15-5.00): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, July 2: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from the Service."
TUESDAY, July 3: "Music from Other Lands."

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 604.—PRETTY SATIN CAMIKNICKERS

These dainty camiknickers are traced clearly on embossed satin in shades of pastel blue, pink, or green, also plain white, and are ready to cut out and make up.

Design shows uplift brassiere top, trimmed with dainty motif for working, and slender body line.

Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 12/3 (4 coupons); 36, 38, 40in., 14/4 (4 coupons). Postage, 5d. extra.



604

No. 605.—TINY TOTS' FLANNELETTE PJAMAS

These snug, one-piece pyjamas come to you with the pattern traced clearly on plain white flannelette or on a heavier quality floral flannelette, ready to cut out and make up.

Note high Peter Pan collar, long sleeves gathered at wrist and long, roomy trousers gathered into band at ankle. The drop back is made with self belt.

Sizes 1 to 2 years and 2 to 4 years, white flannelette, 6/11 (5 coupons); 1 to 2 years, 2 to 4 years, floral flannelette, 8/11 (5 coupons). Postage, 5d. extra.



605

FASHION FROCK SERVICE

"CYNTHIA"

Sweet frock in conventional floral

A delightful design in a smart material, "CYNTHIA" is available in predominating shades of blue or pink or gold. The floral is in a block design with floral motif, and the shades are interwoven throughout.

Please state second color choice for "Cynthia" when ordering.

The fashion features of the design are the pointed shoulder-yoke, wide extended shoulders, bracelet-length sleeves, and trim waistline from which falls a softly gathered skirt.

Ready To Wear: 32 and 34in. bust, £3/2/3 (13 coupons); 36, 38, 40in. bust, £3/7/9 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/4d. extra.

Cut Out Only: 32 and 34in. bust, £2/4/3 (13 coupons); 36, 38, and 40in. bust, £2/7/9 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/4d. extra.

When ordering, please enclose necessary number of coupons, and give length, and hip and bust measurements.

* PLEASE NOTE! To ensure the prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE IN BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State also required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page. * No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

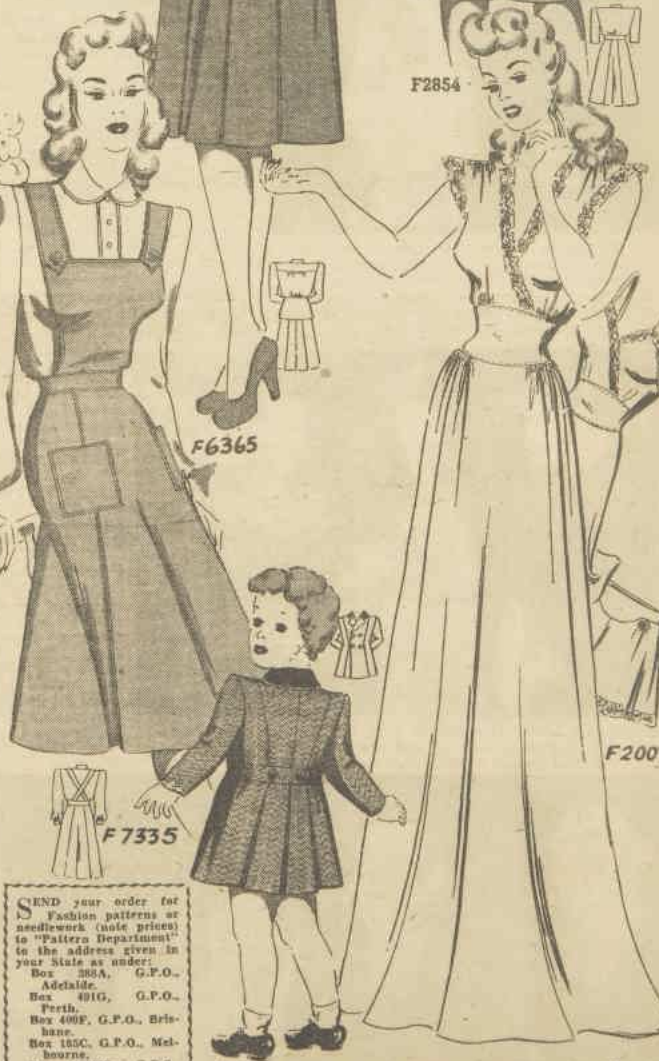
F6365. — Softly tailored suit with contrasting revers. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 34in. wide, and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F2854. — Free-and-easy winter frock. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 yds. 36in. wide, 1 yd. 36in. contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F7335. — Jaunty pinafore and blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 38in. wide, pinafore, and 2½yds. 36in. wide, blouse. Pattern, 1/7.



F2854



F6365

F7335

F2007

SEND your order for Fashion patterns at needlework (note prices) to "Pattern Department" at the address given in your State as under:
Box 305A, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Box 401G, G.P.O., Perth.
Box 400F, G.P.O., Brisbane.
Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Box 400W, G.P.O., Sydney.
Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.
Tasmania: Box 183C, G.P.O., Melbourne, N.Z.
Box 4055V, G.P.O., Sydney, (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)
Patterns may be called for or obtained by post.

F2819

F2007.—Dainty lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide, for nightgown; 2½yds. 36in. wide, for slip; 1yd. 36in. wide, for pants. Pattern, 2/7.

F2819.—Pocket edition topcoat for small boy. Sizes 1 to 4 years. Requires 1½yds. 54in. wide, with 1yd. 36in. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/4.



GUESTS GREETED. Lieut.-Commander J. O. Fowler, R.D., R.N.R., of London, and his bride, formerly Ethel Spencer, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Spencer, of Goomeri, Queensland, and of Bellevue Hill, greet Lieut. R. N. Howe, D.S.C., R.N., at their shipboard reception following marriage at St. Andrew's Cathedral. **RIGHT:** Flower-girl Penny-Ana Spencer, sister of bride, is centre of admiring throng when she exchanges her bouquet for ship's kitten when she arrives on board.



INFORMAL AUDIENCE PICTURE of Viscountess Clive, lady-in-waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester, with Rear-Admiral R. H. Portal, D.F.C., R.N., Flag-officer Naval Air Station (Pacific), when they attend Gracie Fields' concert at Town Hall with Admiralty House party.



NAVAL WEDDING. Chaplain Russell Hawken, R.N.V.R., and his bride, formerly Marjorie Walker-Taylor, leaving St. Andrew's Cathedral under an arch of steel, after their marriage. Bride is younger daughter of Mrs. Walker-Taylor, of Cremorne, and of late Canon H. Walker-Taylor.

On and off DUTY.

NEWSY letter telling his parents about dropping of food supplies to starving people of Holland is received by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Musgrove from their son John, who is serving with the R.A.A.F.

"First day we went to Rotterdam, where we had a truly wonderful reception," writes John. "Every hillock and place of vantage overlooking dropping area was thronged with hundreds of the most excited people. They were everywhere—on roof-tops, up trees, on church spires, and on street corners. Others were dancing with excitement in centre of the roads."

"We went in extremely low—about three hundred feet—so could see every little detail, down to expressions on their faces. Some had laid their washing out in their back-yards spelling 'Thank you, boys,' while others hurriedly splashed blessings and messages with white paint on their roof-tops."

John concludes his letter by saying, "It's quite a pleasant change to be welcomed at our target area."

QUITE a night to be remembered, when Gracie Fields entranced her first civilian audience at the Town Hall.

Members of Royal Household all seem to be "Gracie" fans, and I catch glimpse of Viscountess Clive, Brigadier Derek Schreiber, Lieut.-Commander Alec Robertson, Captain Ramsay at first concert.

NEVER realised Mrs. Jimmy Ash-ton had such a charming soprano till I heard her joining in the chorus when she attended Gracie's concert with handsome husband James.

CHEERY dinner-party at Prince's when Lady Fraser, of Melbourne, entertains. Lady Fraser has been staying at Australia with her daughter Peggy, but now that Peggy has left Sydney for round of country visits, Lady Fraser has moved to Macquarie Club. "Miss my garden at home so much that I think I'll have to write to my gardener and have him send me over some potted hyacinths," says Lady Fraser.



IN THE FOYER. Mrs. Wyn Roberts with her two charming daughters, Mrs. Bob Buckland (centre) and debutante daughter, Shirley, attend Gracie Fields' concert at Town Hall.



HAPPY BRIDAL GROUP. Captain John White, A.I.F., of Forbes, and his smiling bride, formerly June Gibson, with their attendants, June's twin sister, Mrs. John Begg, and Captain Keith Bailey, A.I.F., leaving St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street. Bride is twin daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. J. Gibson.



TROUSSEAU SHOWING. Bride-to-be Joan Harrison (second from left) shows her sisters, Helen (left), Judy, and Shirley, trousseau, which she has been making before her marriage to Lieut. Donald Stirling Taylor, R.A.N.V.R., of Adelaide, which will be held at St. Stephen's Church, Macquarie Street, on July 2.

WITH a swirl of skirts in the breeze, Peggy Hart and attractive attendants come down steps of St. Mary's Cathedral after Peggy's marriage with Lieut.-Colonel Alan Frost, A.A.M.C. After ceremony, Peggy visits old convent, Kincoppal, before returning to Usher's Blue Room for reception. Bouquet is caught by vivacious bridesmaid, Pat Hughes, and later Peggy's mother, Mrs. E. L. Hart, takes it back to convent in keeping with usual tradition.

ROMANTIC note to Jean Friend's engagement to Major Ivor Buchanan Scott, O.B.E., R.A. Jean met fiance when she was in England six years ago, and couple have corresponded ever since. Ivor hopes to come to Australia, and wedding may take place in September. Jean is elder daughter of Mrs. Friend, of Edgecliff, and of late O. E. Friend.

LOVELY present of half-pint silver mug is received by young David Cook, baby son of Commander and Mrs. Freddie Cook, from his godfather, Lord Louis Mountbatten. Mrs. Cook with David and his sister Venita, are now living at The Lodge, Burradoo. Commander Cook is away on active service.



SIGNING REGISTER. Lieut. L. R. Rawlins, A.I.F., and his bride, formerly Jean North Ash, at St. James' Church, King Street, after their wedding ceremony, which was performed by bride's father, Archdeacon North Ash.

ALL eyes on Major Michael Hawkins, handsome young aide, when he escorts attractive blonde Virginia Heath, granddaughter of Lady Reading, to Gracie Fields' second concert. Much speculation among members of audience as to who he is, and meaning of Royal household "flash" on his uniform.

joyce

Whew! Snappy!



Tom Loves Millie



Tom and Millie Love Small's



*Kisses and Chocolate should have plenty of **SNAP***

But kisses should be sweet, shouldn't they? That's true. Small's Club

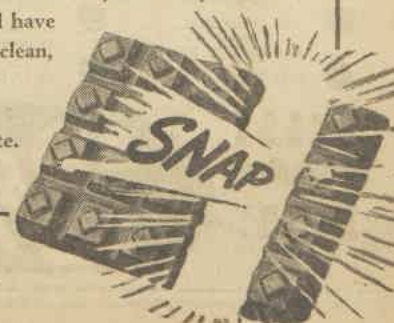
Chocolate is NOT too sweet. In fact, we started off by making it especially for men. We thought that only men would like it.

Says you! Girls love a man's chocolate

That's true, too. As many girls buy Small's Club Chocolate as men do. (When the shops have any. Soldiers get it first, because Small's never goes melty in the tropics.)

SNAP

Anyone who knows anything at all about chocolate has got to admit that the best quality chocolate must have plenty of SNAP. Think of the pure, bitter chocolate you could once buy for cooking. It cracked like a rock—didn't it? There's your own proof that pure chocolate should have plenty of snap—the clean, brittle snap that you hear every time in Small's Club Chocolate.



Small's make great Chocolate

in the famous Black and White Wrapper

Film Reviews

★★★ A SONG TO REMEMBER

COLUMBIA have brought to the screen the colorful life of composer Frederic Chopin. Photographed in technicolor this film will be of special interest to music-lovers. Numerous works by Chopin are heard throughout the story and reproduction of them is excellent, the piano coming through extraordinarily well.

Interesting screen newcomer Cornel Wilde presents Chopin as a vivid figure in the early stages, when as a political refugee he flees to Paris, and later in his association with writer George Sand (Merle Oberon) when he finds solace as a composer rather than as a pianist.

Paul Muni, as the old music master who recognises the genius of the young Pole and befriends him, makes a welcome reappearance after a long absence from the screen. He gives us a well-etched portrait of the elderly teacher determined to show off his prize pupil.

Merle Oberon is the least convincing of the cast. She is cold and rarely manages to make the part credible, but her shortcomings are forgotten in the fine work by the men. Stephen Bekassy as Franz Liszt, Chopin's best friend, almost steals the whole show.—State; showing.

★★ HOTEL BERLIN

HERE is drama with the lid off. Warners have taken Vicki Baum's novel, "Hotel Berlin," and turned it into a nerve-shattering story of intrigue set in the ruins of Germany's capital, just before the Allied occupation.

Beats of the story is the fight by members of an anti-Nazi underground movement against the men who, amid the ruins of the Third Reich, plot for World War III. The cast is headed by Raymond Massey, Faye Emerson, Helmut Dantine, and Andrea King.

The love story between the shallow, worthless, exquisite Lisa Dorn (Andrea King) and the idealistic Kurt Krueger (Helmut Dantine) is well handled by both these young aspirants to film fame.

Raymond Massey is suitably brutal as the Nazi General who deals in wars, and Faye Emerson, wearing a blonde wig, has a finger in this dramatic pie in which are mixed so many unpleasant people.—Regent; showing.

★ SONG OF NEVADA

PRODUCERS these days seem to be developing the idea that a tale of the Wild West should be given a modern streamlined setting.

The rattling old stage-coach and the swing-door saloon have given way to the aeroplane and the ranch designed for luxury living.

Republic's popular cowboy star Roy Rogers heads the cast in this

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

fairly acceptable version of the modern Western.

Small boys who like their cowboy yarns full of "blood and thunder" probably will snort scornfully when they listen to crooner Dale Evans singing the popular "It's Love, Love, Love," but the occasional good fight will restore their good humor.

Mary Lee and Lloyd Corrigan are amusing as a travelling burlesque team.—Cameo and Lyric; showing.

HOLLYWOOD is mildly intrigued by Cary Grant's new "Polarised" windows in his car, through which he sees out, but onlookers are unable to see in.

MARCIA MAE JONES, former child star, but now a wife and mother, comes back to the screen again, in the role of an Australian war bride in the Columbia film "SNAPU." The odd title is based on a military slang expression.



DIRECTOR CHARLES VIDOR (right) shows co-stars Irene Dunne and Alexander Knox just what effect he wants in this scene from Columbia's "Over 21." The film was adapted from the stage hit written by Ruth Gordon. It will be the first comedy role for popular Alexander Knox.

What's on your mind?

Advice from soldier on his return

SOON that serviceman of yours will arrive home.

He may be on leave, or returning from a prisoner-of-war camp.

He may even be discharged from service.

What will be your reactions? Will you let your natural enthusiasm run away with you and arrange parties and all sorts of entertainment?

Here are a few tips from one who knows what he wants on his return, and who has talked to many men about it.

Next time you receive a magic wire telling you of your man's return, just sit down and take it easy until the first enthusiasm passes.

Make sure all the family are present. See that his favorite dishes are on the menu. Leave his room just a little untidy.

In short, have everything as we knew it before we went away—as we have been dreaming about it for so long.

Leave the parties till later.

We might not say much, but we'll thank you in our own funny way.

£1 to Pte. G. M. Hutchison, 2/2 Machine Gun Bn., A.I.F., Australia.

Parliament* broadcast

SINCE 1936 New Zealand people have had the unique distinction of hearing their Parliament making laws. A microphone is installed before each speaker, and every word spoken, with the exception of military information, is relayed throughout the Dominion.

This has proved a very successful experiment.

If taken up in Australia it would help to educate, politically, the citizens of this Commonwealth.

5/- to M. J. Stokes, Kilora, 27 Kent Grove, Caulfield, Vic.

Medical films

I THINK it would be a great help to mothers if films were made showing children's illnesses. The symptoms and treatment could be explained.

Such films could be put on twice a week at local theatres.

5/- to Mrs. P. Wallace, 13 Albert St., Lithgow, N.S.W.

Atrocities

IN spite of eye-witness accounts, newspaper photographs, and films shown in capital cities, there are still sceptics who believe the stories of German atrocities are "just so much propaganda."

How, then, can the rising generation, living in a land of peace, whose ideas, naturally, are remote from war, be expected to realise the horrors of Nazism, when the parent generation is so incredulous?

5/- to M. G. Bowden, 28 Everard Tce., Everard Park, S.A.

Adoption sadness

IN answer to "Children" (9/6/45), I am an adopted child, now at the age of 14. I don't think children should be told early in life they were adopted. It causes a lot of sadness when they know.

I was adopted as a baby of two months, and although I knew I was adopted I was terribly sad when I found I had no real sisters.

An adopted child cannot have an understanding with a foster-mother like she can with a real mother.

5/- to Hope White, 12 Wandsworth St., Parramatta, N.S.W.

Toy libraries

TO provide children with toys, why not a circulating library where children can borrow and exchange them after a certain period just as they would books?

Toys too badly damaged by destructive children would have to be replaced.

With so many children unable to obtain toys at the present time such a library would mean that children would not be deprived of their youthful pleasures.

5/- to E. Ruback, Mary St., Maryborough, Qld.

Mental insurance

HOW much do we hear these days of financial provision to be made for people in their old age?

To my mind, it is just as important to have some kind of intellectual insurance for one's latter years.

Many other people gossip, or bemoan the fact that they no longer have their children to cheer their days, when they could be learning unexplored literature or otherwise improving their mental and physical outlook.

What an opportunity their free years hold for all the things they have had to put off to rear children and build a home.

5/- to Miss M. Davies, 60 Burwood Rd., Concord, N.S.W.

Jitterbugs

IT is time that steps were taken by all owners and managers of halls and dance floors to ensure their patrons may circle the floor without being kicked in the ankles or knocked over and bounced about in general by a handful of fools calling themselves "jitterbugs."

The name itself is enough to show their warped mental outlook on life, without our being forced to watch their half-crazed antics.

Surely as a civilised, thinking people we should not have to put up with these pests whose sole ambition, apparently, is to annoy the general public?

5/- to LAC R. D. Graham, R.A.A.F., Pacific.

Animal Antics



"Gee, I felt about as big as this thrippence!"

4 1/2 HOURS OF SELECTED

RADIO ENTERTAINMENT

MUSIC DRAMA QUIZ ADVENTURE MUSICAL VARIETY

2GB now offers you 4 1/2 hours of selected entertainment EVERY MONDAY night. Start your entertainment week RIGHT, tune to 2GB on Monday night and you'll be there all the week.

- 6.45 Digger Hale's Daughters.
- 7.00 Macquarie News Service.
- 7.15 First Light Fraser.
- 7.30 Mrs. Obbs.
- 7.45 Hit Tunes.
- 8.00 Leave Pass.
- 8.30 Lasting Loveliness
- 8.45 Doctor Mac.

- 9.00 Star Theatre.
- 9.30 Serenade.
- 10.00 Classical Showcase.
- 10.15 2GB War Diary.
- 10.30 Immortals of Music.
- 11.00 B.B.C. News.
- 11.15 Close Down.

EVERY Monday NIGHT

2GB



by
Helena Rubinstein

Four famous make-up essentials created by Helena Rubinstein to paint a portrait of you that is perfect and lovely in every detail.

BEAUTY FOUNDATION: The basis of your beauty . . . guards precious skin moisture . . . from 4/2.

CREME ROUGE: To highlight your beauty, soft and radiant . . . Geranium, Raspberry, Red Velvet and other glorious colours to suit every skin tone . . . 6/6.

AQUARELLE FACE POWDER: Helena Rubinstein has many Face Powder colours but this lovely, pastel, Aquarelle will suit any skin tone. Fine as mist, doesn't cake or clog . . . from 6/6.

LIPSTICK . . . Smooth as velvet . . . special ingredients prevent chapping; a host of lovely colours, including Regimental Red, Raspberry, Strawberry . . . 7/11. To be economical re-charge your case with a H.R. Refill . . . 5/2. They fit most makes of cases.

Available from Leading Stores and Chemists throughout Australia, or

helena rubinstein • 82 castlereagh street, sydney
 L O N D O N • N E W Y O R K • P A R I S

Color musical...



1 COUSINS Chiquita (Carmen Miranda), Harry (Phil Silvers), and Blossom (Vivian Blaine) are joint heirs to a plantation, but are disappointed to find the house very dilapidated.



2 THE TRIO meet soldier, Rocky (Michael O'Shea), a former band-leader, who persuades them it is their duty to renovate the place and rent it as a home for army wives.



3 THE SOLDIERS assist, and in order to raise funds for repairs Blossom gets the idea of putting on a show, and during the rehearsals Blossom and Rocky are drawn closer together.



4 WHEN ROCKY and Blossom are supervising a final rehearsal, Rocky's fiancée, Melanie (Sheila Ryan), walks in and wants to take over everything. Rocky insists he no longer loves Melanie, but Blossom is heartbroken.



5 DURING army manoeuvres Rocky is "captured" while attempting to see Blossom. He is held prisoner by the opposing group, and when she hears this, Blossom weakens and enlists Harry's aid to help him.

SAVE YOUR COUPONS WITH VELVET!

Make linens last longer



SO MANY OF MY COUPONS WENT ON LINENS BEFORE I USED VELVET SOAP ON WASHDAY. NOW ITS EXTRA SOAPY SUDS MAKE THINGS LAST BY CUTTING DOWN HARSH RUBBING.

Why take months off the life of your clothes by rubbing and scrubbing, when Velvet gets them clean with safety? Just a light rub or two and its extra soapy suds coax out deep-seated grime, make things brighter than ever! Try Velvet for all your clothes and linens next washday.



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

V.112.26



6 HARRY persuades "enemy" Lieutenant (Glenn Langan) to watch the show, and meanwhile Rocky escapes. Blossom listens to his explanations, and the pair are reconciled.

Something for the Boys

FOX'S new technicolor musical, "Something for the Boys," is based on the Broadway hit play of the same name.

In addition to the Cole Porter tunes of the original score, Fox introduce six new song hits. Some will be sung by Vivian Blaine ("the cherry blonde"), a couple by Carmen Miranda, and two of the new numbers will be introduced by Perry Como, popular American radio star, who makes his screen debut in this film.

Incidentally, four leading U.S. artist-illustrators—Varga, Bradshaw Crandall, Earl Moran, and Zoe Mozert—have completed paintings of red-headed Vivian Blaine, and have named her "Miss Pin-up Perfection."

Your Dog

If your dog's coat is dull or bare—if he is listless or won't eat—give him BARKO Condition Powder.

Search for a dog named BARKO Condition Powder and 22 by BARKO Skin Lotion to affected parts.

Useful Hands Stay Lovely with Pond's Hand Lotion



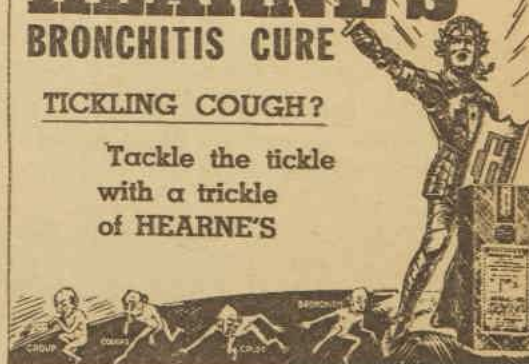
So rich and concentrated, no wonder Pond's Hand Lotion makes hands soft, smooth and white! Before retiring each night, sprinkle a few drops on to the palms of your hands and massage well in. Leave on while you sleep. You'll be thrilled to see how much whiter and softer your hands become. Owing to wartime transport regulations, Pond's Hand Lotion is temporarily not available in N.S.W. or Q'land.

FOR SOFT **Kissable** HANDS

HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

TICKLING COUGH?

Tackle the tickle with a trickle of HEARNE'S



Dri-Glo Towels

still give
full pre-war quality
and value



STILL WOVEN ON A BASE OF DOUBLE-WARP OR TWO-FOLD

YARN. Double warp means double wear. You get the full wear of two ordinary towels each time you buy a *Dri-Glo*.



YOU STILL GET MORE TOWEL THAN

YOU PAY FOR. Run your tape measure over any *Dri-Glo*. It not only measures up to stated size, but additional towelling goes into the hemmed ends.



**LOOK FOR
THIS LABEL ON EVERY
DRI-GLO TOWEL**



and, what's more,
you can buy them
anywhere



DRI-GLO'S COLOURS STILL GUARANTEED FADELESS.
DRI-GLO DESIGNS AS LOVELY AS EVER. Gipsy stripes. Plain pastels. Gay patterns. Plain whites. Everything any bathroom could ask for *but* — and this is our only "*but*" — because of transport difficulties, we cannot guarantee that all designs will be available in all shops.



Dri-Glo Towels

They cost no more than ordinary towels. Sold throughout Australia.



I never lose time from work now. Those Backaches and Headaches have gone since I have been taking Ford Pills and I can work all day without getting tired. Ford Pills are wonderful for Constipation, Headaches, Backaches, Indigestion and Stomach troubles. They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit—to keep you well in Nature's way. Start a course of Ford Pills to-day. Get genuine Ford Pills in the unbreakable tubes that (for your protection) are now sealed with a Red Seal. You can get large size tubes only just now for 2/6 everywhere.

Look for the Red Seal encircling every tube.

FORD PILLS



..the spotlight's on your HAIR!

Constant daily care with Barry's Tri-coph-erous helps prevent Falling Hair, Dandruff, Premature Greyness, Brittle Hair, Itching Scalp.

BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous

FAMOUS HAIR TONIC

Sold by all Chemists & Stores

NOTICE TO ALL MOTHERS

of children

Aged 2 to 5 years

A 16-page booklet, containing—recipes, daily menu charts, and a list of suitable foods for children aged 2 to 5 years old, together with much other valuable information has just been published. Copies are obtainable without cost upon receipt of a stamped (1/6) and addressed envelope by the LIFEGUARD MILK COMPANY (AUST.), 530 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C.I.



TRANSPORT SECTION in the Solomon Islands. Back row, left to right: Dvr. C. Gallagher, A. Breen, R. Clements, W. East, D. Hodge, W. McCarthy, A. McIntosh. Front, left to right: N. Scowan, A. Leard, R. Ahearn, and L. Thwaites.



SAILOR COBBERS photographed in Darwin. A/B. R. L. V. Maslen, extreme left, sent the picture to his wife, Mrs. M. A. Maslen, Barmera, S.A. The boys were snapped after enjoying a swim, one of the chief sports for servicemen in the North.

Soldier's escape after hiding in a loft

Successfully hiding in a hay loft a New Zealand soldier escaped from the Germans while being marched through Poland.

He trudged for days through the snow, wheeling his few possessions in a baby's pram.

The soldier, Pte. W. Fogden, tells of his experiences in a letter to his sister, Mrs. E. Barr, Brandy Creek, Proserpine, Qld.

He writes:

"WHEN the Russians made their big push through Poland I was at a working camp near Sosnowitz.

"The Russians were not far behind, and the Jerries were getting a bit rattled. When we were put into a big brick hay barn for the night, I decided to try and give them the slip.

"Next morning at four o'clock a guard called us to prepare for the road. I climbed up a ladder where some hay was piled to the roof, and digging down near the wall found a natural burrow running below a rafters, left for airing purposes.

"Crawling in six feet I lay snug and warm and heard the sounds of departure without any search being made.

"I met a Russian ex-prisoner and followed him to a house.

"Later, looking through the window, I saw the Russians in full flight, so promptly picked up my gear and ran, dodging between the buildings to escape flying bullets.

"Diving over the ridge I struck some Russians taking up fresh positions.

Hid in bed

"I MOTIONED to them I was making my own way out and they let me carry on through the forest.

"Some time at night I found a railway line.

"A siding hove in sight, with a lone two-storied house standing a few yards back from the line, so I headed for it.

"I found the doors wide open."

"I groped my way upstairs, and saw a nice soft bed, so shaking the dust off the cushions I lay down.

"I wasn't sure whose territory I was in, so at daylight hid my gear well. I was just going to look round for a hiding-place for myself when a vehicle pulled up outside and men came tramping in firing shots.

"I knew by their speech they were Russians, but I held low; it not being time to show myself.

"Before long one of them pulled aside the blinds over the window, so it was time to come out.

"Sitting up in bed rubbing my eyes I said 'Anglican.' It must have given that Russian a shock. He swung round with his Tommy-gun



HEW IN ITALY. F/O Eric Philp, R.A.A.F., who is a fighter pilot with the famous "Desert Hares" squadron. Photo sent by Mrs. Philp, 5 Brunswick St., Ballina, N.S.W.

and motioned me downstairs ahead of him.

"I was soon able to prove my identity as I had my paybook and identity discs, so was allowed to go and told to take a certain road.

"While I was getting my gear the patrol moved off, so I stayed a bit longer for a feed, and then finding a brand-new baby's pram put my gear aboard and went away in style.

"With minor adventures I landed up on a big hospital centre where there were a lot of Britishers.

"After a long wait some motor-lorries arrived, and we were taken to Gracow, where we boarded a train for Odessa."

F/O J. W. Murray, R.A.A.F., in England, to his mother, Mrs. Ruby Murray, Springfield, Gosford, N.S.W.:

"ON Victory Sunday I remembered the dead. I will always remember them.

"Their gift to us was peace, and it is our duty to preserve it. We must remember them if we are to keep faith with them and that other lost generation of 30 years ago.

"I remembered those who need our sympathy even more than the dead. I mean those who mourn the dead. Those who on Victory night, in lonely vigil, were dreaming dreams of the might-have-been, and thinking of those who would never come home.

"And even more than the bereaved I remembered those shattered in body and in mind.

"Victory made me relax for a while, but I realise clearly what my duty is, after seeing the effects of imprisonment on the Aussies liberated from European camps.

"I remember the thousands of Aussies in Japanese hands. I swear I'll never rest nor stop fighting until they are free. I swear that I will continue fighting against aggression and for preservation of the four freedoms as long as there is breath in my body."

A/B K. Sorensen, R.A.N., to his mother, Mrs. V. Sorensen, Halstead St., Coorparoo, Brisbane:

"I SPENT my birthday at sea, just the same as my two previous birthdays.

"I had the middle watch on the Saturday night, and when I woke up at 12 there were two of my coppers sitting there waiting to wish me many happy returns.

"I didn't wake up to what was going on. When I finally was allowed in the mess I nearly died.

"They had sprung a surprise party on me. They had made a double-decker cake, iced and decorated with 21 candles all burning brightly.

"There was a miniature 4.7 gun carved out of wood mounted in the centre.

"I felt like howling when I saw what they had done for me.

"When I had blown out the candles the leading seaman of the mess presented me with a key.

"Then came the hard part of giving a speech. I think I shook the words out."

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the Fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of 2/- for brief extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.



LOVELY Beaver Coney COATS. 116/17/6. and 27 Coupons Mail Orders Post Free. Lay-By, Remodelling Service. FINCHLEYS 73 York St., Sydney.



for over 50 years a good polish

Peggy Sage

Exclusive Manicure

Old English Lavender by Christy

Lavender, beloved fragrance, a sense of enchantment old as time... yet new as tomorrow's dawn... perfectly captured for your loveliness by Christy.



Lavender Perfume... subtle, yet distinctive... the supreme compliment to your personality.

Lavender Talcum... in its war-time container for the duration, but still the same famous quality... and as soft as a caress.

REMEMBER... with CHRISTY... you walk "hand in hand with loveliness"



"So tired I felt DRUGGED"

MRS. SIMPSON
A WEEK OR SO
LATER

"It's a marvellous change to keep regularly well"

THE SAFE WAY

to keep your system in order

Do you mean to say that you keep on dosing yourself up day after day with those medicines—when it's so easy and pleasant to keep your system in good working order with Kellogg's All-Bran?

You can't hope to look at your best or feel at your best when you jolt your system into action with medicines. That may be very harmful in the long run. Besides, it doesn't get at the real cause of the trouble. But with All-Bran on your breakfast table you won't need those bottles in your medicine cupboard.

Rich in "Bulk"

Kellogg's All-Bran is the SAFE WAY to keep your system functioning

smoothly and naturally.

That's because it is rich in the element of "bulk" which exercises those delicate internal muscles and keeps them up to the mark. So many of our modern foods are "soft". They lack "bulk". That's where the trouble starts—until you get that missing "bulk" right back in your diet with Kellogg's All-Bran.

Just start your breakfast each morning with one ounce of Kellogg's All-Bran and you should be right back to normal within a week. You'll get the surprise of your life when you find out what a difference keeping regularly well can make to your looks and the way you feel!



Kellogg's ALL-BRAN

Made by the makers of Kellogg's Corn Flakes
Kellogg's Whole Wheat Flakes—Kellogg's Rice Bubbles
Kellogg's Whole Wheat Biscuits.

All These Delicious Ways To Enjoy All-Bran Every Morning



WITH MILK AND SUGAR. Pour a half cup of All-Bran (1-oz.) on to plate, add milk and sugar, let milk soak well in before eating.



WITH FRUIT—A FLAVOR TREAT. Serve All-Bran with milk and sugar to taste, then add fresh or stewed fruit.



WITH OTHER CEREALS. Sprinkle All-Bran over any other breakfast cereal... a very tasty way to get more "bulk" in your diet.

ALL-BRAN FOR COOKING, TOO! It adds extra flavour and food value to cookies, biscuits—pastry. Helps as a "meat stretcher" in making meat loaves, croquettes, patties, etc.

Food authorities say that bran is one of the most satisfactory of all "bulk" foods because it does not break down within the system. Kellogg's All-Bran is 100% bran in a delicious cereal form.



Wall rejuvenation

● A coat of paint to jaded walls in these trying times is as uplifting to the morale of the occupants of a room as a new hat is to a depressed woman.



HERE AGAIN in this charming living-room of Lynn Bari, 20th Century-Fox player, you see how books can be used to lend color interest to plain walls, give character to a room. Attractively patterned window drapes contribute to the charm and livability of this room.



A MURAL adds interest to the plain walls of this living-room, taking the place of pictures. Note unusual window treatment.



PLAIN WALLS are ideal backgrounds for books in their multi-colored wrappers. Unit chairs help to make charming corner arrangement.

THE four walls of a room are the largest area to which we apply color. Therefore, when our walls become shabby and stained, they can give a very dilapidated appearance to a room.

Take a living-room, for instance. It is a room where all the family gather, where friends are entertained, and perhaps the children have to do their lessons. A bright, fresh room cheers the soul, and reflects the light which is so necessary to reading and working successfully. First, let us inspect our walls thoroughly. Has the paper become cracked or torn, or is it commencing to leave the surface, or has it merely changed color?

If the paper is torn, or leaving the wall, and we cannot replace it, we must buy a good paste, or make one with flour and water, and paste the torn pieces back into place. It can then be painted.

We must remember that all colors seem on a large area at least three tones deeper than the sample, so be careful when choosing the desired color in water paint or kalsomine for painting over the old wallpaper.

The salesman will tell us how much paint to buy if we take along the measurements of the room; that is, the length, breadth, and height.

Before we commence painting we must prepare our room by removing all possible furniture and carpets, or, if this is impracticable, cover the floor with paper, or both. Then wipe down the walls and ceiling.

If the skirting boards are painted a light color we must give them a good scrub, and wipe them dry. If they are dark-stained, wipe them with a damp cloth wrung out in water to which a teaspoonful of kerosene has been added.

This should be done to all the woodwork of doors and windows, even to the outside sill.

If the doors are cream, the soil marks from clutching hands should be removed with some cleaning powder and a little elbow-grease.

When we have done all this, and the water paint is mixed and ready, let us take a large flat brush, and commencing at the top of the wall, work downwards.

The ceiling may also have a coat of paint, but it should be much lighter than the walls in order to give the greatest reflection of light. This, however, should be attended to before walls.

Before applying kalsomine or water paint to a ceiling, or for that matter

By
NORA S. McDOUGALL
Graduate in Interior Decoration,
New York, Lecturer in Home
Decoration for the Army Edu-
cational Services.

to any walls that have been already kalsomined, the old kalsomine should be washed off with water, otherwise it may soon peel.

In the first inspection of our walls we must be sure that the paper is adhering closely to the walls before attempting to apply kalsomine, otherwise the weight of the kalsomine will lift the paper completely away, especially when a thick, heavy paper has been used without a lining

paper. In this case, it is better if we remove all the old paper and wash the walls before repainting.

Kalsomine is easy and quick to apply, and we need have no fear of leaving ugly brush marks as we would if using oil paints and lacquers; and, also, it gives an attractive matt or dull surface.

The fresh walls will make us realise that our curtains and furniture, too, must at least look fresh. Let's take a day at the wash-tub and pop in all the curtains, loose chair covers and cushion covers. If of cretonne which has seen better days and has faded with sun and age, we must wash them carefully. A rinse in a cold-water dye the same color as the original background can do wonders to pep them up.

ASTHMA & BRONCHITIS CURBED in 3 MINUTES

To-day, thanks to Mendaco, there is no reason why any man or woman should suffer **ASTHMA ATTACKS** with the everlasting fight for breath, and the tightness on the chest which makes going to bed at night a positive nightmare. Mendaco—a famous doctor's prescription—in guarantee to ease your breathing, permit you to eat any kind of food without harm, stop your heart thumping against your ribs—or money back. Go to your chemist now, but insist on Mendaco—the medicine that must give you relief or money back.

Mendaco works quickly to relieve your Asthma or Bronchitis, yet contains no narcotics or habit-forming drugs. It acts in these 3 ways—
(1) Loosens and relaxes thousands of tiny muscles in throat and bronchial tubes so that you can breathe freely and deeply, and thus get the benefits of health-restoring air and oxygen in your lungs.
(2) Removes the mucus or phlegm which poisons the system.
(3) Drives out the poisons and irritating factors and helps to refresh and build up the blood, thus increasing energy and so fortifying the system against recurring attacks.

MENDACO HELPS MILLIONS
Millions of former sufferers from Asthma and Bronchitis are now enjoying sound, invigorating sleep all night and every night, because in Mendaco they have found the one medicine which truly gets to the root of their trouble and relieves the terrible

RELIEVES ASTHMA
Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes . . 6/- and 12/-

FACIAL HAIRS

BY THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC RAY TREATMENT

Success when other treatments fail.
FREE TRIAL TREATMENT.
Many years' experience. I personally give treatment to each client.

HELEN DONALD

SCIENTIFICALLY TRAINED

Suite 702, 7th Floor,
ST. JAMES BUILDINGS,
109 Elizabeth St., Sydney. Phone. M112.

PAINLESSLY and PERMANENTLY REMOVED



I GIVE
WRITTEN
GUARANTEE
to refund all
fees paid if
hairs return
after treat-
ment, or if
others grow
in their place.

Pimples and Bad Skin Fought in 24 Hours

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Eczema, Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies and Red Itches. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way.

A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 9 ingredients which fight skin troubles in these 3 ways. 1. It fights and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It stops itching, burning and smarting in 7 to 10 minutes, and cools and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clear, soft, and velvety smooth.

Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works fast. It stops the itching, burning, and smarting in a few minutes, then starts to work immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter, and

velvety smooth. In just a day or two your mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skin to thousands, such as Mr. Bob Werdin, Edmund Street, Fremantle, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 12, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without results. I then tried Nixoderm with astounding effect. The pimples seemed to fade away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then just keep on using Nixoderm for one week, and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth, and magnetically attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go, or you simply return the empty package and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.



SHOULD A WIFE TAKE HER HOLIDAYS ALONE?

WELL IF YOU WON'T COME FOR A HOLIDAY NOW I THINK I'LL GO FISHING WITH JACK.

VERY WELL! I'LL SPEND A MONTH AT MOTHER'S WHEN YOU GET BACK.

PERHAPS SHE'S BORED WITH ME. I ONLY KNOW SHE'S TERRIBLY CHANGED.

MAYBE THERE'S A VERY SIMPLE EXPLANATION, OLD CHAP—WHEN WE BATHE TOGETHER YOU WERE A LIFEBOUY USER—REMEMBER?

YOU'RE SURELY NOT HINTING AT "B.O."? I HAVE A BATH EVERY DAY.

BATHS WITH ORDINARY SOAP DON'T MAKE YOU SLIME, BOB, ONLY LIFEBOUY WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INCUBATOR WILL STOP "B.O."

GLAD JACK BROUGHT PLENTY OF LIFEBOUY! DON'T KNOW WHY I EVER STOPPED USING IT! SO REFRESHING AND IT'S GOOD TO KNOW YOU'RE PROTECTED.

2 WEEKS LATER IT'S WONDERFUL HAVING YOU BACK AGAIN, DEAR. I DON'T WANT TO GO TO MOTHER'S AFTER ALL NOW.

(THINKS) IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR LIFEBOUY I MIGHT HAVE LOST HER!

THE ONE SOAP SPECIALLY MADE TO STOP "B.O."



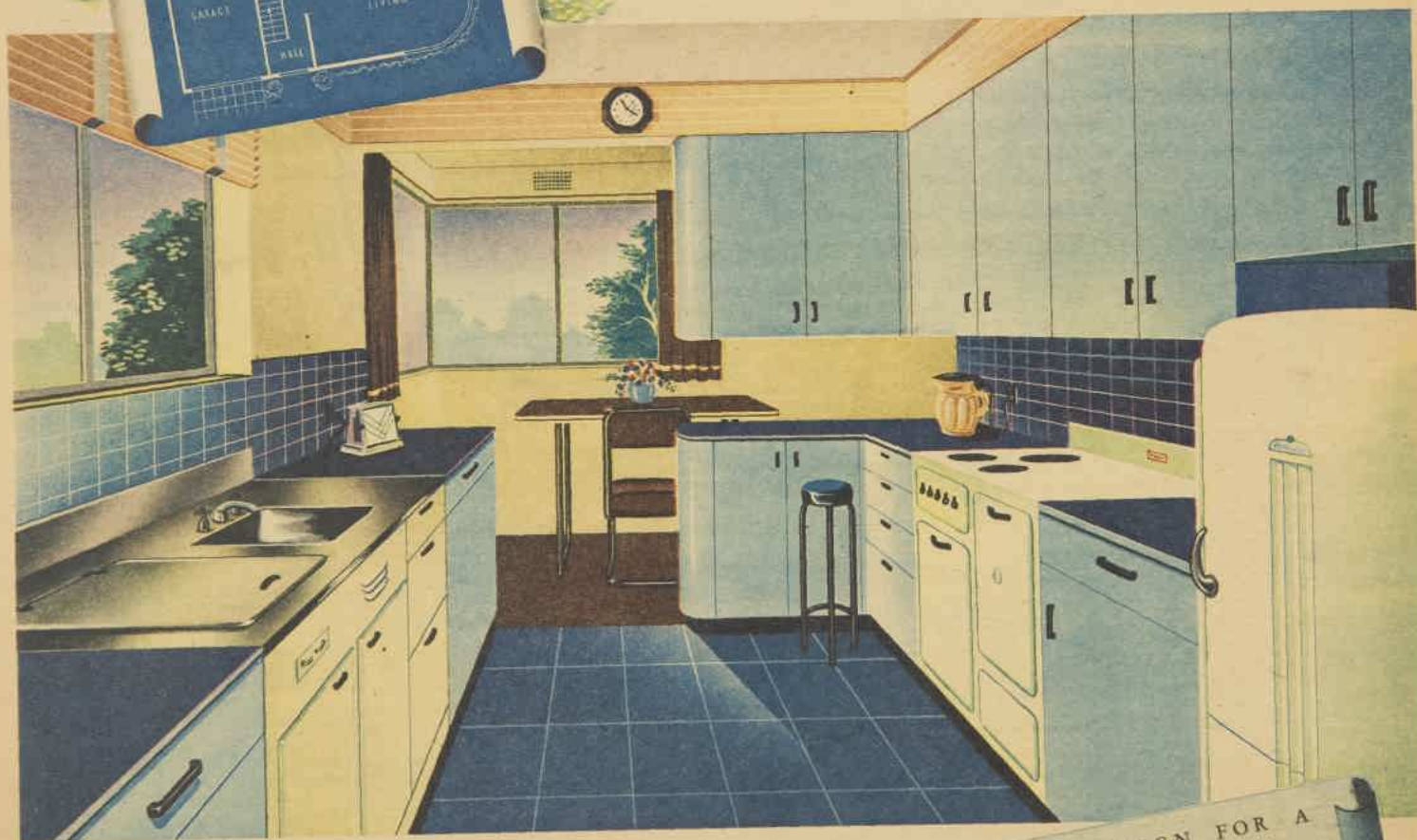
BASIC IDEAS FOR POST-WAR KITCHENS



Modern kitchen planning is the basis of successful home planning

If you are planning a new post-war home or thinking of modernising your present one, the first and foremost consideration must be the planning of the kitchen. To-day, more than ever, the kitchen is the heart of the home, and, if it is conveniently placed, well designed and modernly equipped, the home will run smoothly and housework will be reduced to a minimum.

Here, then, is the recipe for modern kitchen planning—simplicity is its keynote and convenience is its aim. The chief ingredients are roomy, well-designed cupboards and work spaces; plenty of power points; modern work-saving Hotpoint electrical appliances. Arrange them so that the dishwasher and sink unit is between the range and the refrigerator; work spaces are beside all units; a food preparation centre is next to the refrigerator; and utensils and food are stored nearest the place of use. Decorate in bright cheerful colours to give individuality and make it a room that is your very own. Have the whole kitchen in a handy position for trades-people and adjacent to dining-room or breakfast alcove. Remember, a kitchen planned on these lines not only makes living easier, it also adds substantially to the value of your home. With the aid of these basic ideas, start planning now to make your dream kitchen come true.



Hotpoint

ELECTRIC SERVANTS

Advertisement of

AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LTD.

Adelaide, Brisbane, Hobart, Launceston, Lismore, Melbourne, Newcastle, Rockhampton,
Sydney, Townsville. Agents for W.A.: Atkins (W.A.) Ltd.

HERE IS A DESIGN FOR A
Two Wall Kitchen

Frequently the arrangement of doors and the available width is such that appliances and work spaces cannot be arranged in one continuous line. Here is an ideal arrangement where this occurs. The Hotpoint refrigerator and the dry-food cupboards are handy to the rear entrance, the range and serving table (which can also be used for the kiddies' meals) are close to the dining alcove. Note also the ceiling-high cupboards—no possibility of dust there. This kitchen is also equipped with Hotpoint jug, coffee percolator, and electric food-mixer—when these appliances are available again you can add them step by step until you have a fully-equipped electric kitchen.

Hot Vegetable Platter



● Dressed vegetables planned for days of meat shortages . . . hot, satisfying, and savory . . . serving available meat substitutes as platter accessories.

By **OLWEN FRANCIS**

Food and Cookery Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

MAKE the most of vegetable supplies, and meat rations will appear surprisingly adequate.

Be clever with your vegetable cookery; it's the finest test of good cookery.

Check these points with your routine for getting the most appetising and nutritive results:—

- 1.—Allow as short a time as possible between garden and table.
- 2.—Cook just before serving.
- 3.—To preserve vitamin value, cook quickly in a lidded pan in a small quantity of water.
- 4.—Avoid the use of soda. Quick cooking preserves the color of greens.
- 5.—A little lemon juice or vinegar helps to preserve whiteness of white cabbage, cauliflowers, onions, turnips. Do not overcook.
- 6.—Cook spinach in water adhering to leaves. Shred cabbage finely and cook quickly in a small quantity of water in a lidded pan.
- 7.—Dried vegetables can be kept for long periods in a cool, dry place. They require soaking for up to 12 hours to restore water and soften them.
- 8.—Drain vegetables as soon as cooked, keeping hot if necessary over hot water, but not in it.

9.—Use water in which vegetables were cooked for soups and sauces, except water from cabbage and parsnips.

10.—Reserve as much as possible of butter ration to serve on vegetables, especially when meat is omitted from the menu.

11.—When vegetables are taking the main place on the menu, dress with sauce and serve also other accessories (see panel on this page) to add satisfaction value.

12.—Legume vegetables (peas, beans, and lentils) contain protein. Serve as frequently as possible when meat is on the short list. Serve also whenever possible in the same course or on the same menu, eggs, milk, cheese, nuts, whole cereals, fish.

Baked Jerusalem Artichokes with Creamed Onion Sauce: Scrub artichokes and bake slowly in hot fat in oven. Drain on crumpled kitchen paper, place on hot dish and top with white sauce to which sliced boiled onions have been added. Top with browned crumbs.

Broad Beans Mornay: Cook shelled beans in boiling salted water with a dash of sugar, slice of onion, and sprig of mint. Drain and add to a white sauce flavored with cheese and a little cayenne or paprika. Top, when available, with a crisp curl of hot bacon.

French Beans, cooked in the

French way: Top, tall and string beans. Leave whole and cook until tender, in just enough boiling salted water with a dash of sugar. Drain and dress with lemon juice, a spot of onion juice, a little margarine, and chopped parsley.

Brussels Sprouts as Gratin: Place cooked drained sprouts in a greased oven-ware dish. Sprinkle liberally with grated cheese and soft bread-crumbs. Season with pepper and salt and dust with nutmeg. Brown in oven or under grill.

Carrots, browned and served in parsley sauce: Dice carrots and cook in small quantity of water until just tender. Drain, reserving stock to use with milk for sauce. Brown diced carrots in margarine or bacon fat. Top with smooth white parsley sauce thick enough to mask.

Hot Cabbage Slaw: Shred raw cabbage and cook quickly in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain and pour over it a sauce of 1 table-

MAIN DINNER DISH of piping-hot vegetables . . . hot slaw with chopped, parboiled capsicum, tomatoes stuffed with bread seasoning and baked, boiled onions topped with cheese sauce, chokoes (parboiled, sliced), covered with cheese and baked.

spoon butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne, 1 tablespoon vinegar or lemon juice. Cover, toss and leave five minutes for the cabbage to become impregnated with the sauce.

Cucumbers O'Brien: Choose small green cucumbers. Peel and cook whole in boiling salted water for about seven minutes. Drain, slice in two, and scoop pulp from centres. Fill with mashed potato, seasoned with a spot of onion, chopped parsley, and pepper. Top liberally with grated cheese and brown in oven or under grill.

Cauliflower Lincoln: Combine 1 cup chopped cooked cauliflower with 1 cup diced cooked potato, 1 dozen oysters, dash of cayenne, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, and 1 cup white sauce. Place in fireproof dish, liberally top with grated cheese, and brown in

oven. Serve piping hot with Melba toast.

Cauliflower Fritters: Wash cauliflower, break into flowerets, rinse in vinegar water, and cook in boiling salted water until just tender. Drain and dip each floweret in fritter batter. Deep-fry a golden brown. Serve with hot tomato or cheese sauce.

Corn Oysters: Strip 1 cup raw corn from young cob. Combine with 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon salt, dash of cayenne pepper, and 1 beaten egg. Deep-fry to golden brown in spoonfuls. Serve hot.

Aubergine (Eggplant) Fritters: Peel and slice; put on plate and sprinkle with salt and little vinegar or lemon juice. Leave half an hour, then dip in fritter batter and deep-fry. Serve with sauce of fried tomatoes.

Haricots Bordelais: Soak dried haricot beans overnight and cook in salted water until nearly tender. Add green beans (french or broad). Drain when tender. To 3 cups drained beans add 1 sliced onion (lightly browned), 1 dessertspoon butter or margarine or bacon fat, 2 pounded anchovies or 1 dessertspoon anchovy paste. Season with vinegar and serve very hot, sprinkled with parsley.

Parsnip Croquettes: Scrub parsnips and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Sieve while hot and pound well with 1 dessertspoon margarine, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, and 1 egg-yolk to 1 cup puree. When cold, roll into balls, roll in flour, and deep-fry.

Continued on page 38

Some appetising platter accessories

TOASTED or fried sandwiches of brown bread spread with peanut butter.

Thin slices of bread spread with peanut butter and rolled; pack in oven dish, liberally sprinkle with grated cheese, and brown.

Hot squares of Yorkshire batter pudding served with onion gravy. Squares of hot cheese pastry, topped with dollop of cream cheese, dusted with cayenne and heated for one minute longer.

Hot oven-fresh cheese scones, broken, dabbed with well-salted peanut butter and sandwiched again.

Little hot suet dumplings, freshly cooked in vegetable stock and liberally sprinkled with chopped parsley.

Potato griddlecakes served with brown sauce flavored with chopped ham or bacon, a pinch of dried herbs, and, if available, a little red wine.

Spoonfuls of cheese-flavored fritter batter, deep fried in spoonfuls and served with a creamed onion sauce. Pancakes, served with chutney, rolled and served very hot.

Pancakes, spread with cooked mince, pounded with a little onion, herbs, and tomato sauce, rolled and served very hot.



Personality...

in frocking is not the be-all-and-end-all of charm. A clear, youthful complexion, energy and fitness are equally essential. Realising this, the "woman who knows" starts her day with half a teaspoonful of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts in a long glass of warm water... to ensure that inward freshness which means vivacity and health.



CHOCOLATE-COATED POTATO LAYER CAKE—light on shortening and eggs. Combine 1 cup mashed potato with 2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, and flavoring. It's good!



POTATO PASTRY, another fat-saver, is used as the case for this fruit mince-pie. Use equal quantities of creamed potato and self-raising flour, sweeten lightly, and bind with egg.

Potato pastry recipe wins prize

● Home cooks will find potato sausage rolls a great favorite as well as economical.

BECAUSE of the meat shortage, household fat supplies are precious. Try the prize potato pastry with sweet or savory fillings.

Two delicious little biscuit recipes are interesting. The honey jumbles are for that odd cup of tea or with after-dinner coffee.

The wheatmeal biscuits are faintly sweet but delicious with salads or with cheese.

Recipes from readers are carefully checked each week and are



HOT HAMBURGER of minced meat pounded with potato, chopped parsley, and onion. Dry-fry and top with whipped parsnip.

great favorites in the testing kitchen of The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen. Cash prizes are awarded each week.

POTATO SAUSAGE ROLLS

Six medium-sized potatoes, 1 to 1½ cup self-raising flour, little milk, 1 lb. sausages, salt.

Cook potatoes, mash and rub through sieve or whip well. When cool bind with flour, mixing to a firm dough with a little milk. Roll to thin thickness, and cut into squares, sufficiently large to roll round halved sausages. Place sausage on squares, moisten one edge and roll up. Glaze with milk, season with salt, and bake in a fairly hot oven for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve with brown gravy and hot greens.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. F. Miller, Falls Creek, via Nowra, N.S.W.

WHEATMEAL AND BRAN BISCUITS

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 cup bran, 1 cup fine wheatmeal, 1 cup sugar, 4 level tablespoons shortening, few drops flavoring essence, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons hot water.

Sift flour and combine with bran and wheatmeal. Cream sugar, shortening, essence, and salt. Add the beaten egg and then the flour mixture, and lastly the hot water. Roll out to thin sheet, cut into squares or rounds. Bake in a fairly hot oven until lightly browned and crisp, about 10 minutes. Delicious with cream cheese.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. A. George, 61 Upper Ellenborough St., Ipswich, Qld.

HONEY JUMBLES

One tablespoon margarine 3 tablespoons honey, 1 egg, 1 cup flour, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon ground ginger.

Beat margarine, honey, and egg together until light and fluffy. Sift in dry ingredients and mix well with a spoon. Place in small teaspoons on a greased tray, allowing

room for spreading. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) for about 12 minutes. When cold, join in pairs with icing flavored with honey and lemon juice.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to P. Sievers, Wagoora, via Mackay, Nth. Qld.

DATE PUDDING

Two ounces lard, margarine or butter, 2oz. brown sugar, 1 tablespoon dark jam, 3 tablespoons milk, 3oz. dates, 1oz. breadcrumbs, 3oz. flour, 1 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 level teaspoon bicarbonate of soda.

Cream shortening and sugar, beat in the jam and milk gradually. Stir in chopped dates and breadcrumbs and fold in sifted flour, nutmeg, spice, and soda. Place in a greased basin, cover with greased paper, and steam 1½ to 2 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. McNell, Box 62, Post Office, Gosford, N.S.W.

Hot vegetable platter

Continued from page 37

Southern Marrow: Skin tomatoes, stew until soft and then add sliced marrow, preferably of baby variety, cover and stew until tender. Season with a very little onion, dash of vinegar, and pepper and salt. Delicious sprinkled with tarragon.

Potatoes stuffed with creamed prawns or mussels: Scrub potatoes and cook in jackets in slow oven until tender, about 1 hour. Skin, scoop potatoes, and fill with prawns or mussels in a thick white sauce seasoned with lemon. Sprinkle with grated cheese and brown in oven.

Spinach Florentine: Spinach washed, cooked in the water adhering to leaves, drained when tender, chopped finely and seasoned with pepper, salt, and vinegar. Place in greased oven dish, cover with flaked salted cod, first poached until tender. Top with white sauce and then grated cheese. Brown in oven.

Newest in jackets

Continued from page 12

NECK RUFFLE

Using white wool, crochet a chain to go loosely round neck.

1st Row: Work 2 d.c. into each chain, to turn work 3 chain.

2nd Row: Work 3 tr. into each d.c. of previous row, to turn work 2 chain.

3rd Row: Sl-st. into 1st tr. of previous row, * 2 chain, then sl-st. into next tr., repeat from * to end. Fasten off.

Work the sleeve ruffles in the

same way, making chain to fit edge of sleeves.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. Work 24 rows st-st. Cast off. Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Prens with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, gather sleeves round top of armholes, and sew in shoulder-pads. Sew on ruffles. Sew buttons on right front.



Food cooked and served in Agee Pyrex pleases the eye, the palate and the pocket. It looks appetizing, it is appetizing—and it is kind to your ration book. Pyrex cooking ensures the complete retention of every ounce of nourishment. Even the cheaper, low-cost, nourishing and tempting if cooked in Pyrex. Your kitchen isn't modern if it lacks Agee Pyrex... the sturdy ovenware that is dainty tableware.

Cook and Serve in

AGEE PYREX

MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LIMITED

Makers of vitally necessary Dispensary, Laboratory and Clinical Glassware for use by the Fighting Forces.

No Egg Shortage!

Eggs for breakfast, eggs for lunch, eggs for puddings—fresh, golden-yolked eggs whenever they want them in some families.

How do they do it? They just dip into their supply of eggs they PRESERVED when eggs were plentiful last September, October, November, and December.

Hens will be busy again this year during those months. There will be plenty of eggs. SO DON'T MISS OUT THIS TIME! Get some KE-PEG and make sure of fresh eggs right through next winter. KE-PEG takes over where the hen leaves off. It SEALS each egg and keeps it fresh until you need it. A one-ounce jar of KE-PEG will preserve up to 25 dozen eggs. Quick and easy to do... costs less than 1d. per dozen. Get KE-PEG at any grocer's or chain store.

KE-PEG

this Spring...
FRESH EGGS
next Winter!

**BOSISTO'S
LINIMENT
FOR
BRUISES**



FOR QUICK
RELIEF
Rub well
into
affected
areas.

2/
EVERYWHERE

**BOSISTO'S
LINIMENT
FOR SPRAINS**

A
Special message
to **BLONDES**



If your blonde hair is going dark and mossy try Stablond shampoo. You will make this amazing discovery... that only Stablond can bring back that glorious golden sparkle to darkened blonde hair. Stablond prevents natural blonde hair from darkening and keeps it bright and shining always. For Stablond is made specially for blondes.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDES OWN SHAMPOO

It could be WORMS!

If children—or adults—feel itchy, grind their teeth or lose weight, worms may be the cause. SAN-O-LAX is a pleasant remedy that will clear the system of worms—it brings quick, sure, safe relief to both children and adults.

YOUR chemist sells

SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP

Distributed by Potter & Birks Pty. Ltd.

COOL IN SUMMER

The heat beats down, but Cane-ite insulation keeps that heat out. The home remains cool, pleasant, livable. Insulate for comfort with Cane-ite. Health, too, is safe-guarded when your home is protected from extremes of temperature. Important: If you have air conditioning, Cane-ite will pay for itself in reduced operating costs.



WARM IN WINTER

Bleak winds force their chill through ordinary walls and ceilings—but not through Cane-ite. Your home retains its warmth and coziness with Cane-ite insulation that acts on the same principle as a vacuum bottle—it isolates the inside from the outside temperature. Your fires warm the house more, too—you cut the cost of wood and coal bills by as much as 30%. Enjoy insulated comfort at little cost.

Why your home needs CANE-ITE INSULATION



Less Noise. Cane-ite has special sound absorbing qualities. Cane-ite subdues discordant noises, shuts out jarring clatter. Cane-ite has a high degree of this unusual sound-proofing property, that's why radio studios and movie theatres use so much of it.



Takes Paint Well. Colorful, rich interiors, or neutral suede-like textures—Cane-ite takes paint, dye, stencilled patterns or daddoes beautifully. One side of Cane-ite is smooth, takes a minimum of paint; the other side is burlap-finish for use in rustic type decorative motifs.



$\frac{1}{2}$ inch of Cane-ite will insulate your home better than 16 inches of concrete or an 8 inch thick brick wall.

Ref. Table of Thermal Conductivity American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers.

Easy to use. Unlimited scope for the home designer and decorator. Unsightly cracked or stained walls can be covered quickly and inexpensively. Panelled effects can be created by wood mouldings or patterns made from Cane-ite. Rot-proofed and white-ant proofed.



CANE-ITE

INSULATING BOARD

a C.S.R. Product

Manufactured by—
THE COLONIAL SUGAR REFINING CO. LTD.
(BUILDING MATERIALS DIVISION)
Marketing: CANE-ITE • SLAGWOOL
PLASTER PRODUCTS • ASBESTOS

**THE CLOSE-UP
THAT SHOWS UP
YOUR TEETH!**



A sparkling smile... a fresh sweet breath... that's the winning combination for a close up, and that's what Listerine Tooth Paste gives you. See for yourself what a quick, thorough cleaning and polishing job this special dental formula does for your teeth.

**LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE**



"Put yourself in my booties, mother!"



BABY: It's this way. Plenty of things bother my skin. Even my softest woolies do, sometimes. Just pretend you're me, and you'll find out...

MUM: Goodness! Is THAT what's been making you yowl?

BABY: I was merely trying to attract your attention. Get busy with the Johnson's and I'll be a little lamb with pink ribbons. Sometimes you can rub me with ni-ice, soo-othing Johnson's Oil. And other times, just chase those chafes and prickles with Johnson's cool, silky Baby Powder!



**Johnson's Baby Oil
Johnson's Baby Powder**

Johnson & Johnson
NEW YORK



BP3-45

Danger In Paradise

Continued from page 32

penguin had cost very little money. It was cute, but that was all you could say for it. I had given it to Iris because we both liked penguins, and had done a lot of kidding about them. And even that piece wasn't perfect. One of the feet had been broken off months before. I said, "You're sure about the real stuff? It's all there?"

"Everything." She stared at me in bewilderment. "It'd seem more reasonable if he hadn't opened the jewel case at all. But to open it and pass up the genuine stones..."

I saw a newly puzzled expression come over her. She started ploughing through the suitcase again. It was full of neatly folded dresses and dainty lingerie, and stockings and other strictly female things. I watched her without saying anything. Finally she stopped searching and turned to me, looking more bewildered than ever. She said, "There's something else missing, Jimmy."

"What?"

"The other box of cigars. The ones I brought in from Cuba. Remember I told you Benigno gave me a box of El Corsario Invincibles to bring to a friend of his in New York? Pedro Hernandez, his name is. Remember I bought a duplicate box for you... the one I gave you at the office this afternoon? I left the second box here, right on top of everything. It's gone."

From downstairs came the wail of a police-car siren. I put my arm round Iris' waist and led her through the bedroom door to the dinette. We both avoided looking at the body of Al Brenner. I said, "What do we tell the police?"

"Everything."

"You know what Claude threatened. That worries me. Not about myself. About you."

"We've got to do it, Jimmy."

I sighed. "I suppose we have." I looked briefly at Brenner. "Yes, we'll have to."

The buzzer sounded and I opened the door. Two radio-patrol cops barged in. They glanced round the room and gazed with interest at the body by the fireplace. One of them said, "Guy from Homicide will be up any minute. We'll hold on until he gets here. The feller that did it, he's had plenty chance for a getaway."

"I suppose so. Ten minutes. Maybe fifteen," I said.

The policeman shrugged. "We better wait for Homicide," he said. "There ain't no use chasing somebody we don't know which way he went."

They didn't have long to wait. Within a few seconds the buzzer sounded again. One of the patrolmen opened the door. He said, "Lo, Lieutenant. Howdy, Ernie."

Two men in plain clothes came into the room. The one addressed as Lieutenant was short, compact, and wiry. He had black hair and eyes and an olive complexion. The other was big and calm and had a red face. The stocky, dynamic one took something out of his pocket and showed it to us. It was a police badge.

"Max Gold," he said crisply. "Lieutenant, Homicide Squad. You Drake? And Miss Randall? What happened?"

I told him we were and gave him the story as briefly as possible. He listened without change of expression. He asked no questions. Not then. He walked over to the body and examined it silently. He rambled through the apartment. He didn't overlook a thing.

I sat alongside Iris on the couch and took her hand. It was still freezing cold. I squeezed it, and she squeezed back. The idea hit me that I was right in the middle of the evening I had looked forward to for so long and I felt an absurd impulse to laugh. I choked it back because I knew what that meant. It meant I was pretty close to hysteria.

After a while Max came back. He said, "We'd better go into the bedroom. I guess it isn't fun looking at him." By "him" he meant Al Brenner.

We followed Gold into the bedroom. He made us sit down and

he passed cigarettes. I took one and lighted it. He started firing questions at Iris: "This bird... what did he look like?"

I said, "He warned us not to describe him accurately. He said if we did we'd get the same thing he gave Brenner."

"So-o-o...?"

Iris said, "Of course we're going to tell you the truth, Lieutenant." She gave a brief, graphic description of the intruder. Gold said, "That could be a dozen guys. A lot of these young punks look that way and act that way."

Iris said, "He and Mr. Brenner knew each other. Mr. Brenner called him Claude."

Max Gold looked over our heads. His assistant was standing in the doorway, the man called Ernie. Ernie said, "You get it, Max?"

Gold nodded. "Claude Williams." He looked at Iris again. "That Claude Williams doesn't kid round."

Ernie said, "Isn't burglary something new for him?"

"Yeah..."

Iris said, "It wasn't burglary. Not really." She told about what Claude Williams had said, and about the check-up we'd made. Max Gold shook his head. "Screw," he commented. "Costume jewellery and cigars. And I happen to know Williams doesn't even smoke. Maybe what he really came for was Al Brenner."

I shook my head. "It couldn't be. He couldn't have known Mr. Brenner was coming up. Brenner had dinner with Miss Randall and me, and we came up here on the spur of the moment when we brought her home."

Gold was frankly puzzled. "I don't get it," he said. "Though the killing of Brenner I can understand. If it was Claude Williams, and I'm sure it was, he was in a bad spot. He's had two felony convictions already, and three in this State, carries a life sentence."

"He worked for Brenner once. After he'd done one stretch, he applied to Brenner for a job, and Brenner gave him one in one of the theatres where he had an interest. Claude went straight for a while and then started a little embezzling. He was caught and tried. He was convicted on the strength of Al Brenner's testimony. That's why he was so sure that Brenner would tell the police."

"I see... But what I don't understand is why he came up here when he did and took what he took. I don't even understand how he knew about Miss Randall or that she was back in this country."

Gold smiled. It was a mere creasing of the lips. He said, "I guess he wasn't kidding when he said it wasn't an ordinary burglary. He was after something special, all right."

Now Gold addressed himself to the plain-clothes man at the door. "Telephone headquarters," he snapped. "Tell them to pick up Claude Williams for questioning."

I asked, "Will Claude know there's a call out?"

"Probably."

"Then he'd know that we've told you the truth."

"Uh-huh. We'll give you and Miss Randall plenty of protection."

"I'm not worried about myself."

"Well, you should be. You look like sensible people. It's no use deceiving you. You must keep your eyes open until we grab the guy."

Iris was superb. She said, "I suppose that's the way it's got to be, Lieutenant. But I prefer to understand clearly. Do you think...?"

"I think this," said Max Gold, and his face was serious. "I think there's an awful lot more to this than we've seen so far; I think Claude Williams is tough and desperate. I think you're in a very bad spot."

To be continued.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

UNWANTED HAIR
quickly got rid of



New VEET
dissolves hair safely

Nothing repels a man more than superfluous hair on skin that should be satin-smooth and feminine. Remove it safely, pleasantly—with New Veet! Unlike the razor, which makes hair come back thicker than ever, New Veet discourages further growth. New Veet is now in powder form—you simply mix it with water. (Chemists: 2/9 a carton containing two packets.)

Dist. Commonwealth & Dominion Agencies
Pty. Ltd., Box 2948 N.N. G.P.O., Sydney.
NVR-44

... Quicker recovery, less suffering from **BURNS**

Terrible burns in war, and civilian disasters, have proved the effectiveness of a simple 70 year old remedy. Petroleum, better known to millions as "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly is now officially recommended for minor burns by leading medical authorities. Cover surface of burn with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. See doctor if burn is deep. Keep "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly handy.



Vaseline
TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

**To Relieve
Kidney Disorders**

Take half a teaspoonful of Junipah Mineral Spring Salts in a glass of warm water on rising. Try them to-day and get relief to-morrow. At all chemists and stores, 1/6 and 2/6.

JUNIPAH
MINERAL SPRING SALTS

**Drink Craving
Destroyed**

Do you suffer through the curse of excessive drinking? Kuersey has been the means of changing misery to happiness in homes for the past 50 years. Harmless, can be given secretly or taken voluntarily. State which required. Posted in plain wrapper.

Price 29/- Full Course
Dept. W. EUCRASY CO.
257 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

**BANISH
Grey
HAIR**

and Look years younger

FRENCH

(FORMULA)

Hair Restorer

is a pure white lotion.

An approved inexpensive method for treating your hair at home.

FOR GREY HAIR TRY

FRENCH HAIR RESTORER

Packed in Plain Wrapper.

5/6

Postage extra.

Sold by:

BEAUTY SHOPPE

Leading Permanent Wave Specialist
James Place, Adelaide, S. Aus.

ANTHONY HORDERN & SONS LTD.

Chemist Shop, Brickfield Hill
Sydney, N.S.W.

AHERN'S LTD.

Hay and Murray Streets
Perth, W. Aus.

CENTRAL PHARMACY

Cr. Bourke and Elizabeth Streets
Opp. G.P.O.
Melbourne, Victoria

T. C. BEIRNE PTY. LTD.

Brunswick Street, The Valley
Brisbane, Queensland

SCOTT'S PTY. LTD.

Hunter Street, Newcastle, N.S.W.

THESE ARE DULL DAYS FOR ME! GRITTY CLEANSERS ARE MAKING ME OLD AND SHABBY LONG BEFORE MY TIME



Clean Smoothly
with
VIM
-NEVER SCRATCHES

SEE ME SPARKLE! I'M ALWAYS CLEANED WITH VIM THANKS TO ITS FINE SOAP-COATED PARTICLES! STAY LIKE NEW YEAR AFTER YEAR



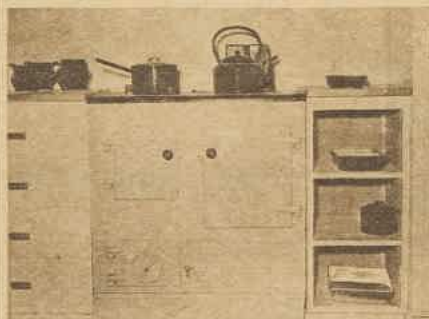
NEW IDEAS: London post-war Homes Exhibition



STURDY, low "nest" tables and the new type of chair for nursery use now on show at the London post-war Homes Exhibition. The girl is showing how the chairs, which fold into each other, can be clipped to the table to make floor-cleaning easier. Let's hope our manufacturers copy.



STEP-UP IN HEATING. Here you see two views of the new, continuous-burning coal fire for living-room or dining-room. Fitted with sliding doors, it burns smokeless fuel. It has underfloor air control, and is designed to give the maximum in room heating. The sunken ash-pit needs clearing only once a week.



LEFT: Cooking range with handy drawers and shelves, a new departure in kitchen planning for the small home or flat. Heat-resisting material covers top and sides of unit cupboards adjoining stove.



THE PICTURE ABOVE shows a hammock principle long-back easy chair for den or porch use. It is upholstered in "Lanide," a new, washable, wool-plastic material, resembling leather but warm to the touch. Sure to be popular.

Rid Kidneys Of Poisons And Acids

If you suffer sharp, stabbing pain, if joints are swollen, if it shows your blood is poisoned through faulty kidney action. Other symptoms of Kidney Disorders are Backache, Aching Joints, and Lacks, Sciatica, Neuritis, Lumbago, Sleepless Nights, Disasters, Nervousness, Headaches, Loss of Energy and Appetite, and Frequent Headaches and Colds, etc. Cystex medicines can't help much because you must get to the root cause of the trouble.

The Cystex treatment is specially compounded to scathe, tone and clean kidneys and bladder and remove acids and poisons from your system safely, quickly and surely, yet contains no harmful or dangerous drugs. Cystex works in 2 ways to end your troubles.

1. Starts killing the germs which are attacking your Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary System in two hours, yet is absolutely harmless to human tissue.
2. Gets rid of toxin-destraining, deadly poisoning acids with which your system has become saturated.
3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys, protects them from the ravages of disease—attacks on the delicate filter mechanism, and stimulates the entire system.

Fraught by One-time Sufferers

Cystex is approved by one-time sufferers in 13 countries from the troubles shown above. Mr. Rex Thomas, Treasurer, Queensland, recently wrote: "My joints were all stiff, I had leg pains, my back used to ache day and night. My bladder was weak. I had headaches and no appetite. The first dose of Cystex helped me, and before 2 finished three boxes my health and strength were back."

Guaranteed to Satisfy or Money Back

Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. Give it a thorough test. Cystex is guaranteed to make you feel younger, stronger, better in every way, or your money back if you return the empty package. Ask now! New to 2 boxes 4/- 8/6.

This is a GUARANTEED Cystex Treatment

For Your Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism

Now at last YOU CAN AFFORD ALL the FROCKS YOU NEED!

It's easy to make your own clothes this NEW SIMPLIFIED WAY!



Mr. Ross Hynes, Principal of The Ross Hynes College of Dressmaking, Sydney, the largest in the Southern Hemisphere.

The Amazing, Simplified Ross Hynes system teaches you in your own home in a FEW WEEKS by latest short-cut methods how to MEASURE, DESIGN, CUT and MAKE practically ALL garments for yourself and your family with PROFESSIONAL FINISH. It tells you EVERYTHING. Never before has such an outstanding dressmaking course been published which covers everything, yet costs so little.



FREE ADVICE SERVICE — Equal to Personal Tuition
This course carries a FREE ADVISORY SERVICE. At any time, and on any point mentioned in the book, you may write to the Ross Hynes College, Sydney, and will receive a prompt and full reply just as you would in a class.

A Complete 25-5-0 Course in
HOME DRESSMAKING 15/-
in permanent book form, for only

NO FURTHER PAYMENTS.
15/- is the complete price. This modern course contains all the essential instruction of the Famous Ross Hynes 25-5-0 Postal Course. 150 Illustrations.

BELOW ARE JUST SOME OF THE LESSONS TAUGHT

Nine essential measurements—Secrets of selecting patterns—Planning your own patterns—Odd sizes—Secrets of expert cutting—Modern methods—FULL LESSONS AND DIAGRAMS ON HOW TO CUT AND MAKE—Coats and jumper suit—Evening gowns—Tailored top coat—Two-piece skirt—Six-gore skirt—Undergarments and underwear—House coats—Pyjamas for women, men and children—Beach and sports wear—Slacks—Shorts—Hiding breeches—etc. etc. MODERN RENOVATING—New garments from old—Full illustrated instructions—Children's clothes

from adults left-offs. CHILDREN'S WEAR—Full illustrated lessons on Baby's frocks—Rompers, etc.—Child's frocks—Petitcolas—Blossoms—School tunics—Boy's pants, etc.—Secrets of putting together—Setting sleeves and collars—Pockets and openings—Alterations—Smocking—Honey-combing, fancy stitches—Lining—Buttonholes—Padding—Tucking—Basting—Patch, jaded flap and welt pockets—Secrets of perfect fit and hang—Personality in clothes—Secrets of professional finish—Professional secrets revealed, etc., etc.

SUCCESS IS ASSURED!
It does not matter if you have "never sewn a stitch"—you cannot fail to make astonishing progress. Step by step with ease and confidence you are shown the professional secrets of all branches of practical dressmaking.

THIS IS YOUR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
I understand, that if I am not satisfied after 10 days, I may return the course and my money will be fully and completely refunded.

FREE MASTER FOUNDATION PATTERN IF YOU ORDER NOW

The Master Foundation Pattern enables you to cut your own paper patterns in any style and in 16 different sizes. It is the most astounding invention that has ever come to dressmaking. By ordering your course of the "New Dressmaker" NOW you will receive this 5/- Master Foundation Pattern absolutely free.

A special large section is devoted to children's clothes for all ages. Another large section is devoted to wartime renovation, enabling you to re-make, re-model and modernize. No longer will you be driven frantic over coupons, high prices or dressmakers.

POST THIS COUPON IMMEDIATELY!

SERVICE DEPT., W.W. 30/6/45, Ross Hynes College,
1 Manchester Unity Building, 185 Elizabeth St., Sydney.
Dear Sir: Please send me, under your money-back guarantee, the complete Ross Hynes "New Dressmaker" Course, together with Free Master Foundation Pattern. I enclose 15/-, the complete cost of this course.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
PLEASE PRINT IN BLOCK LETTERS (If more convenient, send £1 and 5/- change will be returned to you. Safe delivery guaranteed.)

Hurry! Stocks are limited.

Continued on page 43



IMPORTANT BRITISH MEDICAL DISCOVERY

New Lantigen Dissolved Oral Vaccine Successfully Treats and Immunises Against Many Chronic Diseases

You know, of course, that the injection of vaccines has proved highly successful in the treatment of many chronic, germ-caused disorders. But do you realise that in the case of such complaints as catarrh, rheumatism and many septic conditions it is now no longer necessary to have the immunising vaccines injected by needle. Immunisation can be brought about by the use of oral vaccines—taken by mouth.

Well-known, now, to thousands of Australians is the Lantigen series of dissolved oral vaccines. Lantigen operates in two ways. It is absorbed into the open

tissue such as the tongue, throat and other tissues. In addition, it is distributed throughout the system by means of the lymphatics and bloodstream.

Lantigen is a **DISSOLVED** oral vaccine (a most important factor—see details below*) and, when taken, immediately incites the creation of natural anti-bodies which destroy the toxic poisons produced by the infecting germs and renders the germs themselves ineffective. Relief from the conditions being treated is therefore rapid and the benefits last for lengthy periods.

*Important: LANTIGEN is a **DISSOLVED** Oral Vaccine . . . What that means

When a vaccine—which is a preparation of bacteria killed by heat or some chemical means—is introduced into the system, its antigens are released by the action of certain dissolving substances, known as hydrotropins, in the body itself. In the case of many diseases such as catarrh, rheumatism and septic conditions, these hydrotropic substances are not present in sufficient quantities to bring about proper dissolution of the whole organisms, with the result that the vaccine may be rendered ineffective. In Lantigen, however, these organisms are already dissolved, and their effectiveness does not depend upon the action of the body's hydrotropins. That is why Lantigen starts to act immediately it is taken, and that is why you should be sure that the oral vaccine you take is a *dissolved* oral vaccine.

ties to bring about proper dissolution of the whole organisms, with the result that the vaccine may be rendered ineffective. In Lantigen, however, these organisms are already dissolved, and their effectiveness does not depend upon the action of the body's hydrotropins. That is why Lantigen starts to act immediately it is taken, and that is why you should be sure that the oral vaccine you take is a *dissolved* oral vaccine.

THIS IS HOW LANTIGEN OPERATES

Diagram 1 shows the villi—small sucker-like protuberances in the upper intestine which absorb Lantigen and carry it into the system. Diagrams 2 and 3 show germs being engulfed and destroyed by a white corpuscle stimulated by Lantigen. The five illustrations below show:—B. Pneumoniae, Streptococci, Pneumococci, B. Influenzae, Micrococcus Catarrhalis—organisms which cause catarrh and bronchitis. Streptococci are also responsible for germ-caused rheumatic pains.



GUARANTEED NOT TO HARM THE HEART—DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH OTHER TREATMENT



OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS ONLY

LANTIGEN

**TREATS FIRST—THEN IMMUNISES
TAKEN BY MOUTH—ACTS IMMEDIATELY**



For CATARRH & BRONCHITIS

Asthma, Sinus and Antrum Infections, Catarrhal Colds **Lantigen B**



Catarrh is caused by germs. Lantigen "B" is prepared specially to counteract the effect of these particular organisms. You will gain prompt relief from the sneezing, coughing and choking, from the head noises, deafness and stuffed-up feeling which is caused by the catarrh germs. Lantigen "B" counteracts the poisons which cause these unpleasant conditions. No injections—no operations—no pain—no danger. Ask your chemist for Lantigen "B" to-day.

For RHEUMATIC PAINS

Neuritis, Sciatica

and Lumbago

Lantigen C

The early effects of using Lantigen "C" are: (1) relief from pain, (2) reduction of swellings in the joints and limbs, (3) improvement in general health. You get these benefits because Lantigen "C" is prepared specially to counteract the effect of the organisms known as *streptococci* which are responsible for germ-caused rheumatic trouble. Ask your chemist for Lantigen "C" for the treatment of rheumatic pains.

Produced Under Government Licence by Fully Qualified Bacteriologists



£1/1/- PER BOTTLE FOR SEVERAL WEEKS' TREATMENT—COSTS ONLY 5d. PER DAY

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY

Canadian Freed from Bronchitis

366a Balliol St., Toronto, Ont.

"I am now able to go to bed and sleep the whole night through without waking around three o'clock choked up and getting no more rest the remainder of the night. It has been a Godsend to me to learn of Lantigen 'B'."

Mrs. May Braithwaite.

Grinding Pain of Rheumatism

"I have suffered a great deal from rheumatism. I got a bad attack in the night, my knee and ankle bones seemed as if they were being ground to powder and I got no relief. Before I had finished the first bottle of Lantigen I felt better."

H.K.

Sinus Infection Cleared

Eden.

"When I had the first X-ray done of my sinuses in 1939 the photo showed them dark and cloudy, and after the course I've taken of Lantigen I can now tell you that my sinuses are clear except for a slight thickening of the right antrum."

J. A. Grieg.

Neuritis Pain Stopped

Rosedale.

"My arm was useless and my hand was heavy and swollen, and I could not dress myself in the mornings. At night I could not stay in bed for the awful twinging pains. I was bad for months. Then I decided to try Lantigen. I am pleased to say I am alright now and have been for two months."

E.A.

Marvellous Treatment for Catarrh

Glenlee Station, N.Z.

"I must say it is a most marvellous treatment for catarrh. After taking two and a half bottles, I feel quite a new man altogether. Have lost all dull headaches and dull feelings and take quite an interest in life again."

E. McKee.

BEWARE COUGHS FOLLOWING 'FLU



QUICK RELIEF BY ONLY REMEDY INCLUDING ANTI-COLD VACCINE

Edinburgh Cough Mixture is the only remedy that includes the famous dissolved oral vaccine, Lantigen "A"—an anti-cold vaccine. Therefore, double benefit comes from its use:—

1. Coughs and colds clear away quickly.
 2. Natural resistance is raised to help prevent their return.
- Edinburgh Cough Mixture does not irritate the tissues nor upset the stomach. It cannot harm the heart. The first, pleasant, soothing, warming dose tells you it's doing you good. Get a bottle to-day and prove this for yourself.

SOLD BY CHEMISTS ONLY.

Edinburgh Cough Mixture

CONTAINING LANTIGEN "A"
THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE



Their loveliness that wins attention will be yours—with a Eugene Perle! Curly will be soft, adaptable and long-lasting. There's no frizz from salt, guaranteed Eugene Perle!

eugene

Sole Distributors: All States
HILLCASTLE PTY. LTD.
Save and Buy
War Savings Certificates

When you swap an overall for an apron!

When you bid farewell to the "handy" and "Manpower" it merely a memory, or when your exacting voluntary activities for the Forces have ended, you're going to demand more of life than the mere ability to work, eat and sleep. You will want time to live your life. Realising this, TASMA is preparing to equip your home with time-saving, drudgery-banishing appliances designed to delete the word chores from the domestic dictionary... electrical equipment to wash dishes, to launder clothes, to clean, to take the "work" out of housework is a score of ways, TASMA is a name for you to watch... whether on a radio or domestic electrical equipment.

THOM & SMITH PTY. LTD. . . . MASCOT, N.S.W.

Beauty Hints

TRY to shampoo your hair on a sunny day. Brush it dry in the sun, and your hair will shine with thanks.

NOSES * pink-tipped * are not romantic. Massage nightly with good cream. Wipe off gently and pat in a skin freshener or astringent.

COLD weather may make your lips dry, but never, never lick them. Cream well at night, and use a lipstick that is not drying.

ALWAYS remember—especially in winter—that hands, elbows, and legs need lubrication. At night, rub a good hand lotion well into your hands, and if need be wear an old pair of cotton gloves to bed. Oil or cream elbows to ward off that grey, rough look, and massage a lotion into your legs. In this way you will be putting your sleeping hours to work.

NOBODY wants fat ankles and bulging knees, and yet so many of us encourage them by sitting with crossed legs. This habit restricts circulation, and is not a relaxed position. Far better for comfort and looks to sit most of the time with your feet on the floor.



LEARN to carry your head correctly and avoid a double chin. Cleanse and cream well and pat in skin freshener daily. Frances Gifford, MGM star, pictured above at her dressing-table, watches her neckline like a fox. Even as young as she is she creams, tends, and exercises neck and chin every night of her life.

HAND TROUBLE . . . and a sequel—By MEDICO

MRS. CUTLER had sore hands. It all started in the autumn, when she was stoning peaches for jam.

Ever since then her hands have been red and sore, made worse by handling vegetables or fruit, or even by washing up or bathing the baby.

"I can't go on like this," she complained.

"What lotion can I rub on to heal them up?"

"You have a sensitive skin, if that's any news to you," I replied. "It is sensitive to the juices of fruit and vegetables. There are thousands of women who have the same skin weakness. Most of these sufferers discover their trouble in

canning factories, but they protect their hands with thick rubber gloves, and the problem is solved."

"Where can I get a pair of rubber gloves?" asked Mrs. Cutler.

"There, as Shakespeare said, is the rub," I replied. "Plenty of rub, but no rubber—not for gloves for housewives, even with a doctor's order."

"But if the cannery girls can get rubber gloves, why can't housewives?" said Mrs. Cutler, her voice rising with indignation. "I wish those in control of our rubber stocks could realise the constant misery of doing daily household tasks with sore hands."

"Our medical association is taking the problem to the proper authorities," I assured her, "but the

following simple truth must be proclaimed by doctors and housewives alike: The housewife does not work for herself, nor for her family alone. Her working capacity benefits the whole community. She should be accepted as a vital pivot of modern society."

(All names fictitious.)

How to keep in step with the Army



BY ALLEYNE LESLIE



DON'T try to impress your soldier by turning up in slacks and telling him you're doing a man's job. That kind of act just doesn't rate with the guy who's been spending most of the last few months in fox-holes.

DO take pains to look flower-flesh and dream-girlly all the time you're with him. Wear your most feminine clothes. And melt his heart with the sweet, velvety feel of your skin. Regular use of Erasmic Cold Cream makes even old campaigners go down like ninepins.



DON'T attempt to attract his attention in a parade by waving or shouting "Yoo-hoo, Jimmy!" He's not allowed to reply and you'll merely embarrass him.



DON'T imagine that the way to show a major your savoir-faire is to keep him waiting half an hour while you put on the extra glamour.

DO remember that every moment of his leave is precious and be right on the tick, ready to make an indelible impression of the right kind. Finish off your beauty routine with Erasmic Powder. Delicate as gauze, it clings to the last good-night. And its haunting fragrance will merely make him long for more of you.

ERASMIC
Beauty
Products



1/2 each

Superb dress: curvette to match

BELT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 7 sts. Work in moss-st. for 30in. K 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until decreased to 3 sts. Cast off. Sew on buckle.

COVERING FOR BUTTONS (3)

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 3 sts. Work in moss-st., increasing 1 st. at each end of every row until increased to 11 sts. Work 4 rows. K 2 tog. each end of every row until decreased to 3 sts. Cast off. Cover moulds.

SHOULDER-PADS

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 24 sts. Work 24 rows st-st. Cast off.

Continued from page 41

Fold in half, pad with cotton-wool, and sew up edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams, sew in sleeves and shoulder-pads. Sew on collar. Work 1 row of d.c. down each front and round collar. Join bodice to skirt. Sew buttons on left front. Work 1 row of d.c. round lower edge of skirt and sleeves. Crochet two lengths of chain and sew at side seams to form loops for belt. Embroider a motif or wear a spray of flowers on left front.

CURVETTE FOR HEAD

Materials: One skein "Sun-Glo" Shrink-proof crochet wool or 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2315 (bomber-blue); 1 No. 12 crochet-hook.

BAND

Commence with 20 ch, 1 tr. in 3rd ch. from needle, 1 tr. into every ch. to end of row. * 3 ch., turn, 1 tr. into top of each tr. Repeat from * till band is required length.

ROSES (2)

Commence with 5 ch., form ring with slip-st., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into each ch., 6 ch., 1 d.c. into next ch. st., repeat, making 5 loops, 1 d.c., 6 tr., 1 d.c. into each loop.

5 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c. between petals, 1 d.c., 8 tr., 1 d.c. into each loop formed by chain.

6 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c. between petals, 1 d.c., 12 tr., 1 d.c. into each loop formed by chain.

7 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c. between petals, 1 d.c., 15 tr., 1 d.c. into loop formed by chain.

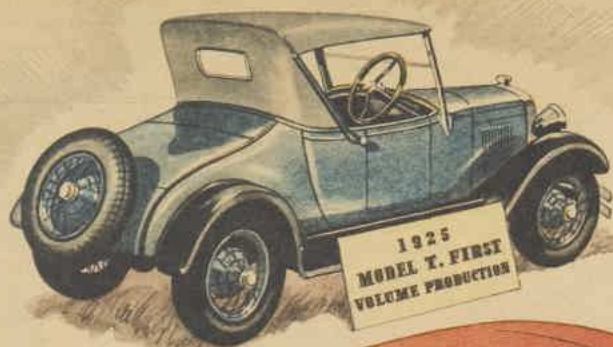
1 d.c., 5 ch., 1 d.c. into centre of petal, 5 ch., 1 d.c. into d.c. between petals.

1 d.c., 8 tr., 1 d.c. into loop formed by chain, fasten wool off.

Stitch roses on to each end of band.



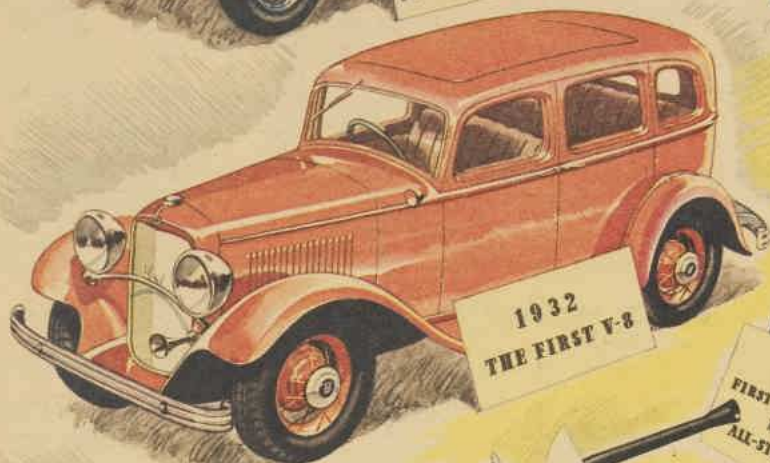
MILESTONES OF THE AUSTRALIAN MOTOR INDUSTRY . . .



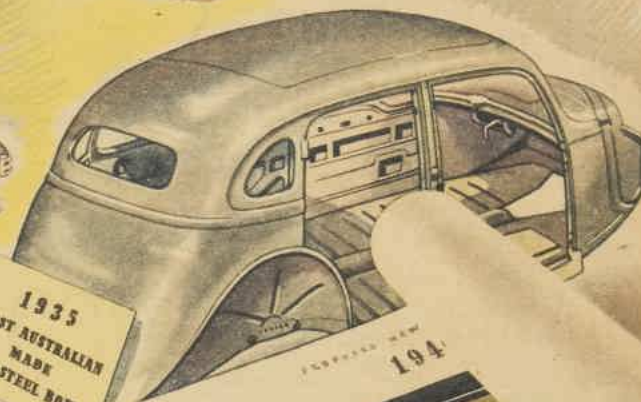
1925
MODEL T. FIRST
VOLUME PRODUCTION



1928-31
MODEL A.
FIRST PRODUCTION
4-DOOR SEDAN.



1932
THE FIRST V-8



1935
FIRST AUSTRALIAN
MADE
ALL-STEEL BODY



1939-45
WAR PRODUCTION. VEHICLES... ARMOURD FIGHTING
VEHICLES... LANDING CRAFT MINES
MACHINE TOOLS AERO ENGINE OVERHAUL
CARGO BOATS... AND MANY OTHER ITEMS



*Look forward to your
Future Ford*

20TH BIRTHDAY OF FORD-AUSTRALIA

This month, Ford-Australia is 20 years of age. The highlights of those years are virtually a history of the Motor Industry in Australia... from the first development in 1925 of volume assembly in Australia, through a series of advancements in engineering and design to the introduction of low-priced V-8 powered vehicles—and to the years of war, when the vast Ford organisation in Australia has been diverted to the manufacture of a complex range of service equipment. The traditional Ford manufacturing policy is to supply highest quality products at the lowest cost—a policy that underlies the world sale of 33 million Ford units. In the post-war years, Ford experience and manufacturing knowledge is available to serve even more extensively Australia's transportation needs.

FORD V-8 CARS... TRUCKS AND
UTILITIES... MERCURY CARS

FORD

PREFECT 10 H.P. CARS AND
UTILITIES... ANGLIA 8 H.P.